THE

ROBBERS.

A

TRAGEDY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN

OF

FREDERICK SCHILLER.

THE THIRD EDITION,

CORRECTED AND IMPROVED.

DUBLIN:

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Author of this Tragedy, Mr. Schiller, was educated in the Military School, founded by the Duke of Wirtemberg. At the age of twenty-three, he wrote this piece, which procured him the higheſt reputation over all Germany; but the rigour of that inſtitution, to whoſe diſcipline he was then ſubjected, being adverſe to ſuch purſuits, he was prohibited the uſe of his pen, under pain of impriſonment. Indignant at this unworthy reſtraint, he left his native country, and now reſides at Manheim, where he has the title of Aulic Counſellor of the Palatinate of Bavaria. Beſides this Tragedy, he is the Author of three others, *The Conſpiracy of Fieſco*, *Cabal an Love*, and *Don Carlos*. Beſides theſe

dramatic pieces, Mr. Schiller is the author of a Novel called the *Ghoſt-Seer*, written with the view of expoſing to contempt and deteſtation the artifices of thoſe impoſtors in Germany, who diſtinguiſhed themſelves, and their diſciples, or dupes, by the epithet of *The Illuminated*. This ſmall work originally appeared in a periodical paper entitled *Thalia*; and it has been lately tranſlated into Engliſh.

The plays above mentioned were printed at Manheim, by C. F. Schwan and G. C. Goetz, 1786.

PREFACE,

BY THE

TRANSLATOR.

OF this moſt extraordinary production, *The Tragedy of the Robbers*, it is probable that different opinions may be formed by the Critics, according to the various ſtandards by which they are in uſe to examine and to rate the merit of dramatic compoſitions. To thoſe who have formed their taſte on Ariſtotelian rules, derived from the meagre drama of the Greeks, or on the equally regular, though more varied, compoſitions of the French ſtage, accommodated to the ſame rules, this Tragedy, as tranſgreſſing againſt

the two chief unities of Time and Place, will be judged a very faulty compoſition. But even to ſuch critics, if they are endowed with any real perception of the ſublime and beautiful, this compoſition will be acknowledged, in ſpite of its irregularity as a whole, to abound with paſſages of the moſt ſuperior excellence, and to exhibit ſituations the moſt powerfully intereſting that can be figured by the imagination.

On the other hand, to thoſe who are diſpoſed to conſider a ſtrict adherence to the unities, as a factitious criterion of dramatic merit, as originating from no baſis in nature or in good ſenſe, and as impoſing a limitation on the ſphere of the drama, by excluding from it the moſt intereſting actions or events, which are incapable of being confined within thoſe rules, this performance will be found to poſſeſs a degree of merit that will intitle it to rank in the very firſt claſs of dramatic compoſitions. This Tragedy touches equally thoſe great maſter-ſprings of Terror and of Pity. It exhibits a conflict of the paſſions, ſo

ſtrong, ſo varied, and ſo affecting, that the mind is never allowed to repoſe itſelf, but is hurried on through alternate emotions of compaſſion and abhorrence, of anxiety and terror, of admiration and regret, to the cataſtrophe. The language too is bold and energetic, highly impaſſioned, and perfectly adapted to the expreſſion of that ſublimity of ſentiment which it is intended to convey.

A diſtinguiſhing feature of this piece, is a certain wildneſs of fancy, which diſplays itſelf not only in the delineation of the perſons of the drama, but in the painting of thoſe ſcenes in which the action is laid. This ſtriking circumſtance of merit in the Tragedy of the Robbers was obſerved and felt by a critic of genuine taſte, who, in an excellent account of the German Theatre, in which he has particularly analyzed this Tragedy, thus expreſſes himſelf: "The in-"trinſic force of this dramatic character, (the "hero of the piece) is heightened by the ſingular "circumſtance in which it is placed. Captain

"of a band of inexorable and ſanguinary banditti, "whoſe furious valour he wields to the moſt de- "ſperate purpoſes; living with thoſe aſſociates "amidſt woods and deſarts, terrible and ſavage as "the wolves they have diſplaced; this preſents "to the fancy a kind of preternatural perſonage, "wrapped in all the gloomy grandeur of viſiona- "ry beings*."

But the circumſtance which of all others tends moſt powerfully to increaſe the intereſt of this Tragedy, while it impreſſes on the delineation of its ſcenes a ſtrong ſtamp of originality, is the principle of Fataliſm, which pervades the whole piece, and influences the conduct of the chief agents in the drama. The ſentiment of moral agency is ſo rooted in the mind of man, that no ſceptical ſophiſtry, even of the moſt acute genius, is capable of eradicating it: And it is a ſingular phenomenon, that the oppoſing prin-

* Account of the German Theatre, by Henry Mackenzie, Eſq. Tranſactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, vol. 2.

ciple of Fataliſm, while it urges on to the perpetration of the moſt flagitious acts, has in reality no effect in weakening the moral feeling, or in diminiſhing that remorſe which is attendant on the commiſſion of crimes. For this reaſon, the compaſſionate intereſt which the mind feels in the emotions or ſufferings of the guilty perſon, is not diminiſhed by the obſervation, that he acts under an impreſſion of inevitable deſtiny. On the contrary, there is ſomething in our nature which leads us the more to compaſſionate the inſtrument of thoſe crimes, that we ſee him conſider himſelf as bound to guilt by fetters, which he has the conſtant wiſh, but not the ſtrength to break. The hero of this piece, endowed by nature with the moſt generous feelings, animated by the higheſt ſenſe of honour, and ſuſceptible of the warmeſt affections of the heart, is driven by perfidy, and the ſuppoſed inhumanity of thoſe moſt dear to him in life, into a ſtate of confirmed miſanthropy and deſpair. In this ſituation, he is hurried on to the perpetration of a ſeries of crimes, which find, from

their very magnitude and atrocity, a recommendation to his diſtempered mind. Believing himſelf an inſtrument of vengeance in the hand of the Almighty for the puniſhment of the crimes of others, he feels a ſpecies of ſavage ſatisfaction in thus accompliſhing the dreadful deſtiny that is preſcribed for him. Senſible, at the ſame time, of his own criminality in his early lapſe from the paths of virtue, he conſiders himſelf as juſtly doomed to the performance of that part in life which is to conſign his memory to infamy, and his ſoul to perdition. It will be allowed, that the imagination could not have conceived a ſpectacle more deeply intereſting, more powerfully affecting to the mind of man, than that of a human being thus characteriſed, and acting under ſuch impreſſions.

It is worthy of obſervation, that the principle of Fataliſm is employed in this Tragedy to a much better end, than that to which it is uſed in the ancient Drama of the Greeks. It is there almoſt conſtantly found in direct oppoſition

to juſtice and morality. The moſt innocent and the moſt virtuous character is frequently repreſented as the victim of perpetual miſery, in conſequence of a blind decree of Fate. We ſympathiſe moſt deeply with the unhappy ſufferer; but it is a ſympathy which partakes not in the ſmalleſt degree of pleaſure; for there can be no pleaſure while the mind is in a conſtant ſtate of diſſatisfaction. The tendency of ſuch repreſentations, which arraign the Juſtice of Providence, is therefore equally impious and immoral. In the Tragedy of the Robbers, the principle of Fataliſm is reconciled to the Juſtice of the Divinity, and therefore to the moral feelings of man; for the doom of miſery is repreſented as the juſt conſequence of criminality, and the chief puniſhment of the offender is the intolerable anguiſh of his own guilty mind.

THIS Tragedy has been performed on ſeveral of the Theatres of Germany with a ſucceſs correſpondent to its merit.—So powerful, indeed, were its effects, and, as ſome thought, ſo dange-

rous, that in ſeveral States its repreſentation was prohibited by the legiſlature. An anecdote which is current in Germany, if admitted to be a fact, would ſhow that theſe ideas of a rigour apparently impolitic were not ill founded. "After the "repreſentation of this Tragedy at Fribourg, a "large party of the youth of the city, among "whom were the ſons of ſome of the chief nobi-"lity, captivated by the grandeur of the charac-"ter of its hero, *Moor*, agreed to form a band like "his in the foreſts of Bohemia, elected a young "nobleman for their chief, and had pitched on a "beautiful young lady for his Amelia, whom "they were to carry off from her parents houſe, "to accompany their flight. To the accom-"pliſhment of this deſign, they had bound them-"ſelves by the moſt tremendous oaths; but the "conſpiracy was diſcovered by an accident, and "its execution prevented*."

If the Tranſlator of *The Robbers* were not convinced that this anecdote, of which perhaps

*Account of the German Theatre. Tranſactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh.

there has been ſome ſlight foundation in truth, has been very greatly exaggerated, and indeed altogether miſrepreſented, he would acknowledge himſelf to ſtand in need of a ſtrong apology for introducing this piece to the knowledge of his countrymen: For who could juſtify himſelf to his own mind for diſſeminating and even recommending that compoſition, which has ſhewn itſelf, by its effects, to be of the moſt dangerous tendency?—But the Tranſlator, encouraged by the teſtimony of his own feelings, makes a bold appeal to the feelings of others, and has no ſcruple to aſſert, that this piece, ſo far from being hoſtile in its nature to the cauſe of virtue, is one of the moſt truly moral compoſitions that ever flowed from the pen of genius: Nor is there a human being, whoſe heart is in the ſlighteſt degree ſuſceptible of virtuous emotions, that will not feel them rouſed into a flame, and every latent principle of morality called forth, and ſtrengthened by an exerciſe of the paſſions, as ſalutary as ever was furniſhed by imaginary ſcenes. For, what example ſo moral in its nature, as that of a no-

ble and ingenuous mind yielding at firſt to the blandiſhments of pleaſure, embarking heedleſsly in a courſe of criminal extravagance, which leagues him with a ſociety of the moſt worthleſs and profligate of his ſpecies—perpetually at war with his own better feelings, which give him the keeneſt pangs of remorſe—the bonds of this aſſociation becoming at length indiſſoluble, till, wading on gradually through ſcenes of increaſing atrocity, he feels, in the ſhipwreck of all his happineſs in this world, a dreadful anticipation of that inevitable doom of miſery which he knows is to attend him in the next?—What is there, it muſt be aſked, in an example of this kind, which is unfavourable to the cauſe of morality? Is it the grandeur of the character of *Moor?* But this very grandeur is the circumſtance which makes the example more forcibly perſuaſive to virtue. The grandeur of his character conſiſts in thoſe excellent endowments of nature which guilt has poiſoned and perverted to the bane of ſociety, to a determined hoſtility againſt his own ſpecies, and to the moſt poignant miſery of their once

amiable poſſeſſor.—Is this a grandeur of character which incites to imitation, or which can corrupt by its example? Far otherwiſe. With equal juſtice might we arraign the poem of Milton of immoral tendency, for having repreſented the arch-fiend with the characters of a fallen angel.—We admire, but it is with awe and horror. We gaze on the precipice with an aſtoniſhment mixed with delight, but we draw back while we gaze on it.——The other principal characters in this Play have the moſt direct tendency to produce moral inſtruction. The weakneſs of an indulgent parent, whoſe over-weening affection for one of his ſons excites the fraternal hatred of the other, is productive of the moſt miſerable conſequences. The unqualified depravity of the younger ſon, his fiend-like malevolence, and atrocious guilt, are attended with a puniſhment as horrible as it is merited.

The exhibition of the Tragedy of the Robbers at Fribourg had in all probability produced among the youth of the public ſchool ſome holi-

day-frolic, which in its conſequences was ſerious enough to attract the attention of the police of the city. Some boyiſh depredations might have been committed, and perhaps a youthful intrigue have been diſcovered, in which the principal party had availed himſelf of the aid of his companions.—Theſe circumſtances, magnified by report, will ſufficiently account for the anecdote above mentioned.

A FRENCH tranſlation of this Tragedy appears in the Theatre Allemand, publiſhed in twelve volumes 8vo, by Meſſ. Friedel and De Boneville. The Engliſh Tranſlator's opinion of that verſion is, that it is perhaps as good as the language of the tranſlation will admit of: But as the French language in point of energy is far inferior to our own tongue, and very far beneath the force of the German, he owns he is not without hopes that his tranſlation may be found to convey a more juſt idea of the ſtriking merits of the original.

THE PERSONS.

MAXIMILIAN, COUNT DE MOOR.

CHARLES DE MOOR, } His Sons.
FRANCIS DE MOOR. }

AMELIA, his Niece.

SPIEGELBERG, }
SWITZER, }
GRIMM, }
SCHUFTERLE, } Young Libertines, who become Robbers.
ROLLER, }
RAZMAN, }
KOZINSKI, }

HERMAN, the Natural Son of a Nobleman.

A COMMISSARY.

DANIEL, an old Servant of the Count de Moor's.

SERVANTS, ROBBERS, &c.

The Scene is laid in Germany, at the time of the enactment of a perpetual peace, in the beginning of the sixteenth century.

THE

ROBBERS.

ACT I.

Scene—Franconia.

A Hall in Count de Moor's Caſtle.

The old Count de MOOR, *and his ſon* FRANCIS.

Francis.

BUT you are not well, ſir: you look pale.

Old Moor. Quite well, my ſon.—What have you to ſay to me?

Francis. The poſt is come in.—A letter from our correſpondent at Leipzick———

Old Moor. [*Earneſtly.*] Any news of my ſon, Charles?

Francis. Hm, hm. Why, yes—but—I am afraid—If—you were ailing at all—or in the leaſt indiſpoſed—I beg pardon—I will tell you at a more convenient time. [*Half apart*] Such tidings are not for a frail old man.

Old Moor. Great God! What am I doom'd to hear!

Francis. Let me ſtep aſide one moment, while I drop a tear of compaſſion for my poor loſt brother.—But on this ſubject, as he is your ſon, I ſhould be ſilent.—As he is my brother, I ought for ever to conceal his ſhame—Yet it is my firſt duty to obey you—in this inſtance, a melancholy duty.—Pity me, ſir! I need your pity!

Old Moor. O Charles, Charles! how you wring your father's heart!—Ah did you but know that on your conduct hangs his feeble life!—Alas! that every freſh account I hear ſhould bring me nearer to the grave!

Francis. Is it then ſo? poor old man!—Heaven forbid that I ſhould e'er abridge your days* !

Old Moor. There is but one ſtep more;—one little ſtep. Let him accompliſh his will. [*Sitting down.*] The ſins of the fathers muſt be puniſhed, to the third and fourth generation.—Be it even ſo!

Francis. [*Taking the letter out of his pocket.*] You know our correſpondent's writing. There—I would give a finger of my right hand, to be able to ſay he is a liar;—a black infernal liar. Call up all your fortitude, Sir.—Pardon me, Sir, you muſt not read this letter;—it were too much to know all at once.

Old Moor. All, did you ſay? O my ſon, you wiſh to ſpare this grey head; but——

* GERM. *Wir wurden noch heute die haare aufrauſen uber eurem ſarge.* We will not tear our hair over your coffin to-day.

Francis [*Reads.*] "Leipzick, the 1ſt of May—"Your brother ſeems now to have filled up the mea-"ſure of his ſhame—unleſs indeed his genius paſſes "my comprehenſion. After contracting debts to "the amount of 40,000 ducats," (a pretty ſum this, ſir), "and ſeducing the daughter of a rich banker, "whoſe lover, a brave young gentleman, he mortally "wounded in a duel, he thought proper laſt night, at "midnight, to decamp, with ſeven others of his pro-"fligate aſſociates, and thus evade the purſuit of "juſtice." Father, for Heaven's ſake,—Father,—How is it with you?

Old Moor. It is enough.—Stop there, my ſon!

Francis. Yes, I will ſpare you—I will indeed—"They have ſent off warrants—the injured parties "cry aloud for juſtice—there is a price ſet upon his "head.—The name of *Moor*"——No, theſe lips ſhall not be guilty of a father's murder. [*Tears the letter in pieces.*] Believe it not, ſir; believe not a ſyllable of it.

Old Moor. [*Weeps bitterly.*] My name!—My honourable name!

Francis. Oh that he had never borne the name of Moor! that my heart had not beat thus warmly for him!—Impious affection, that will not be ſuppreſſed, that muſt one day riſe in judgment againſt me at the throne of God!

Old Moor. O—all my proſpects!—all my golden dreams!

Francis. I knew it well—'Twas what I always predicted.—"That ſpirit of fire, ſaid you, "which

" ſparkled forth even in his boyiſh years, which ſhow-
" ed itſelf in an exquiſite ſenſibility to every thing that
" was great or beautiful—that generous openneſs of
" character—the ſoul which ſpoke forth in his eyes—
" that tenderneſs of feeling, that manly courage, that
" youthful thirſt of honour, that inflexible reſolution,
" and all thoſe ſhining qualities that adorn my darling
" ſon, will make him one day the delight of his friends,
" the ſupport of his country,—the hero, the great
" man!" And now, ſir, what has all come to? That ſpirit of fire has indeed diſplayed itſelf! burſt forth with a vengeance—and mark its glorious courſe!—Obſerve that admired openneſs of character,—now confirmed audacity: That tenderneſs of feeling,—awake only to the allurements of the wanton; ſenſible only to the charms of a Phryne! Where now is that bright genius?—Is the oil which ſupplied that reſplendent lamp quite extinguiſhed?—Have ſix ſhort years conſumed it to the dregs? Poor old man! where is now your hero? a ſpectre,—a body without life, that feebly crawls the earth, the ſcoff of all that behold him. " Mark," ſay they, " the " fruits of pleaſure—martyr to love, forſooth!" See now that ſpirit of enterpriſe, which has planned and executed ſuch ſchemes, that the exploits of a Cartouche vaniſh before them. But when theſe ſplendid bloſſoms come to their full maturity,—for how can one expect perfection at ſo early an age,—perhaps, Father, you may have the ſatisfaction of ſeeing him at the head of one of thoſe troops that chuſe the hallowed receſs of the foreſt for their abode, and kindly eaſe the weary traveller of his burden:—Perhaps,

before you go to the grave, you may have it in your power to make a pilgrimage to the monument which will be raiſed for him between heaven and earth!—Perhaps, father,—O my poor father! find out for yourſelf another name,—or the very boys in the ſtreets will point their fingers at you, the boys who have ſeen your ſon's effigy in the market place of Leipzick.

Old Moor. Is this well, my Francis?—muſt you too pierce my heart!—O my children!

Francis. Yes!—you ſee that I too have a ſpirit;—but my ſpirit is a ſcorpion's ſpirit:—Ay, that poor, that ordinary creature Francis, that ſtock, that wooden puppet, ſo frigid, ſo inſenſible;—and all thoſe pretty epithets with which you were pleaſed to mark the contraſt 'twixt the brothers, when he ſat on your knee and pinched your cheek.—He, poor creature,—'twas of me you ſpoke,—he will die within his narrow bounds, moulder away, and be forgotten,—while his brother's fame, the renown of that great, that univerſal genius, ſhall fly from one extremity of the earth to the other!—Yes, with uplifted hands, I thank thee, heaven! that the poor Francis, the cold, the ſtupid ſtock—has no reſemblance of his brother.

Old Moor. Pardon me, my child.—Reproach not thy miſerable father, whoſe fondeſt hopes are blaſted for ever.—That God, who has ordained theſe tears to flow for the crimes of thy brother, has mercifully appointed that thou ſhouldſt wipe them away.

Francis. Yes, my father,—thy Francis will wipe thoſe tears away;—thy Francis will ſacrifice his own life to prolong the days of his father;—thy life ſhall

be the rule of all my actions—the ſpring of every thought:—nor ſhall there be in nature a tie ſo ſtrong, a bond ſo ſacred, as not to yield to that firſt of duties, the preſervation, the comfort, of that precious life!—Do you not believe me, ſir?

Old Moor. Thou haſt many and great duties to fulfil, my ſon.—May Heaven bleſs thee for what thou haſt done, and what thou yet ſhalt do for me.

Francis. Say then at once, that you were happy if you could not call that wretch your ſon.

Old Moor. Peace, O peace! when he firſt came into life, when my arms ſuſtained for the firſt time his infant limbs, did I not then appeal to heaven, did I not call God himſelf to witneſs of my happineſs?

Francis. You ſaid ſo then.—How have you found it now? Is there even among your own ſervants, ſo low, ſo abject a being, that you would not exchange conditions with him;—enviable in this reſpect his lot, that he is not the father of ſuch a ſon. Yes,—while he lives, what have you to look for but bitterneſs of ſoul—but ſtill increaſing torments? till nature herſelf ſink under the weight of her affliction.

Old Moor. Oh what a load of years has affliction already anticipated on theſe grey hairs!

Francis. Well then—ſuppoſe you throw him off at once;—renounce for ever this———

Old Moor. [*Starting with emotion.*] What didſt thou ſay? renounce him!—Wouldſt thou I ſhould curſe my ſon?

Francis. Not ſo, my father,—curſe thy ſon! God forbid.—But whom doſt thou call thy ſon? Is it the

monſter to whom thou gaveſt life, and who in return does his utmoſt to abridge thy life?

Old Moor. Unnatural child! ah me! but ſtill, ſtill my child!

Francis. Yes, an amiable, a precious child, whoſe continual ſtudy is to get rid of an old father.—O that you ſhould be thus ſlow to diſcover his character:—Will nothing remove the ſcales from your eyes?—No—your indulgence muſt rivet him in all his vices; your ſupport encourage, and even warrant them.—Thus you may avert the curſe from his head—that eternal curſe, which muſt now fall upon your own.

Old Moor. 'Tis juſt, moſt juſt:—Mine, mine alone is all the guilt.

Francis. How many thouſands, who have drunk deep of the cup of pleaſure, have been reclaimed by ſuffering?—Is not the bodily pain which is the conſequence of vice a certain mark of the interpoſition of Heaven? And muſt the tenderneſs of man impiouſly ſtrive to avert that ſalutary conſequence?—Think on that, ſir.—If he is expoſed for ſome time to the preſſure of misfortune, is it not probable he will amend?—But if, in the great ſchool of affliction, he ſtill remain incorrigible, then—woe be to that miſguided parent, who counteracts the decrees of eternal Wiſdom!—What ſay you, father?

Old Moor. I will write to him, that I throw him off for ever!

Francis. 'Twere right, and wiſely done.

Old Moor. That he never ſee my face again.—

Francis. That will have a good effect.

Old Moor. [*With emotion.*] Till he become another man.—

Francis. Right ſir, quite right.—But ſuppoſe him now to come like a hypocrite, and woo you to compaſſion, and fawn and flatter till he obtains his pardon; and the next moment he laughs at the fond weakneſs of his father, in the arms of his harlots.—No, no, ſir. Let him alone till conſcience awaken him;—then he will of his own accord return to his duty,—then may we expect a ſincere amendment.

Old Moor. I muſt write to him immediately. [*He is going out.*]

Francis. Stop, ſir; one word more.—I am afraid your anger may make you ſay ſomething too harſh.—It would be cruel to drive him at once to deſpair.—And (*heſitating*) on the other hand—don't you think—that he might be apt to interpret a letter from your own hand, as perhaps a—ſort of pardon.—Would it not be better, ſir, if I ſhould write to him?

Old Moor. Do ſo my ſon.—Oh, it would have broke my heart to have written to him! Write to him, that—

Francis. (*Haſtily.*) Is that agreed then?

Old Moor. Write to him, that a thouſand tears of blood, a thouſand ſleepleſs nights—But don't, my ſon, don't drive him to deſpair.

Francis. Come, Sir, won't you go to bed, this affects you too much.

Old Moor. Write to him that his father's heart—But do not drive him to deſpair! [*He goes off in great agitation.*]

Francis. [*Looking at him with an air of mockery.*] Ay, be comforted, my good dotard. Never more ſhall you preſs your darling to your boſom;—no, there is a gulph between—diſtant as heaven from hell. —He was torn for ever from your arms, before you knew it was poſſible you ever could have deſired it.—Theſe papers muſt not be ſeen;—that might be dangerous—if the hand-writing were known. [*He gathers up all the ſcraps of paper.*]—I ſhould be a pitiful bungler indeed, If I knew not yet how to tear a ſon from the heart of his father, were they link'd together with chains of iron.—Courage my boy! the favourite's removed;—that's a giant's ſtep. But there is another heart, from which I muſt tear that image; ay, were that heart to break for it.—[*He walks with a ſtriding ſtep acroſs the ſtage.*] I have a heavy debt of hatred againſt nature, and by my ſoul! I'll make it good. Why was that hideous burden of deformity laid upon me alone;—of all my race, on me alone? [*Stamps with his foot!*] Hell and damnation! on me alone;—as if ſhe had formed me only of the ſcum, the very refuſe of her ſtuff! She damned me from my birth! And here I ſwear eternal enmity againſt her—I'll blaſt her faireſt works—What are to me the ties of kindred! I'll burſt thoſe trammels of affection,—bonds of the ſoul. I never knew their force:—ſhe denied me the ſweet play of the heart, and all its perſuaſive eloquence—What muſt its place ſupply? Imperious force;—henceforth be that the only ſervant of my wiſhes, and all ſhall yield before me.

[*Enter Amelia.—She comes ſlowly forward from the back part of the ſtage.*]

Francis. She comes! Aha! the medicine works;—I know it by her ſtep.—I love her not;—but I cannot bear that another ſhould be happy in thoſe charms.—In my arms, ſhall they be choked and withered in the bud;—nor ever man ſhall reap their bloom.—Ha, what are you doing there? [*Amelia, without obſerving him, tears a noſegay in pieces, and treads it under foot.*]

[*Francis, Approaching with a malicious air.*] What have theſe poor violets done to offend you?

Amelia. [*Starting and meaſuring him with a long look.*] Is it you!—you here! whom of all mankind I moſt deſired to ſee.

Francis. Me? Is it poſſible!—me of all mankind!

Amelia. You, ſir, even you.—I have hungered—I have thirſted for the ſight of you.—Stay, I conjure you.—Here, poiſoner, let me enjoy my higheſt pleaſure, let me curſe thee to thy face.

Francis. Why am I thus treated?—You wrong me child; go to the father, who.——

Amelia. The father, Ha! that father, who gives his ſon the bread of deſpair to eat—while he pampers himſelf with the richeſt delicacies;—who gluts his palled appetite with coſtly wines, and reſts his palſied limbs in down,—while his ſon,—his noble ſon,—the paragon of all that's worthy, all that's amiable, that's great,—wants the bare neceſſaries of life.—Shame on you, monſters of inhumanity, unfeeling brutal monſters!—His only ſon!

Francis. I thought he had two ſons.

Amelia. Ay! he deſerves many ſuch ſons as you.—Yes, when ſtretch'd on the bed of death, he ſhall extend his feeble hands, and ſeek to graſp for the laſt time his injured noble Charles, let him feel thy icy hand, thou fiend, and ſhudder at the touch!—Oh how ſweet,—how delicious the curſe of a dying father!

Francis. You rave, my child! I pity you!

Amelia. Doſt thou ſo?—Doſt thou pity thy brother?—No, ſavage! thou hateſt him! thou hateſt me too, I hope.

Francis. I love thee, Amelia,—as my own ſoul I love thee.

Amelia. Well!—If you love me, can you refuſe me one ſmall requeſt?

Francis. Nothing can I refuſe thee,—were it my life itſelf.

Amelia. Well then!—I aſk what you will grant, with all your ſoul.—[*Proudly*]—I aſk you to—hate me! I ſhould die for ſhame, if, while I thought on Charles, I could for a moment believe that thou didſt not hate me.—Promiſe me that thou wilt, and go,—villain as thou art,—leave me.

Francis. Charming enthuſiaſt! How that empaſſioned ſoul enchants me! [*Puts his hand on Amelia's heart.*] Sweet flutterer! Palace of delight, where Charles reign'd ſole monarch.—Temple ſacred to his divinity!—He was ever preſent to thoſe beauteous eyes—preſent even in thy dreams.—In him all animated being ſeemed concentrated.—Creation itſelf ſpoke but of Charles alone to that enraptured ſoul!

Amelia. [*With great emotion.*] Yes!—I own it was ſo!—Yes, in ſpite of you, barbarians, to the world I will avow it.—I love him—I adore him!

Francis. How ungenerous, how cruel! to make ſo ill a return to ſo much fondneſs—nay, to forget——

Amelia. Forget!—What mean'ſt thou wretch?

Francis. Wore he not once a ring of yours;—a ring you put yourſelf upon his finger? A diamond ring, a pledge of your fond love? It is a hard trial, I own, for the heat of youthful blood—and hardly reſiſtible.—Thoſe wantons have ſuch arts, ſuch faſcinating charms—there is ſome apology for a young man—and then, how could he help it? he had nothing elſe to give her—ſurely ſhe paid him amply for it by her careſſes.

Amelia. My ring to a wanton? how ſayſt thou?

Francis. Fy, fy! 'twas infamous indeed—But ſtill, if that had been all—was it not eaſy to have redeem'd it, however coſtly—a good Jew might have lent the money.—But perhaps ſhe did not like the faſhion of it—it may be he changed it himſelf for a handſomer!

Amelia. [*Warmly*] But *my* ring!—*my* ring!

Francis. Ay, think of that.—Had I had ſuch a jewel—and from Amelia too!—death itſelf ſhould not have raviſh'd it from this hand.—What think you, Amelia?—'Tis not the value of the diamond, 'tis not the coſtlineſs of the work—'tis love that gives it value.—Dear child! ſhe weeps—Oh! curs'd be he that caus'd thoſe precious tears to flow.—Ah! and if you knew all—could you but ſee him now—ſee him with thoſe features!

Amelia. With what features, monſter!

Francis. Huſh, huſh, my gentle ſoul! aſk me no further. [*Speaking as if apart but loud enough to be heard by her.*] 'Twere ſomething if that abominable vice had but a veil to conceal its deformity from the ſight of the world—but how hideous its aſpect, mark'd by the yellow livid eye—the hollow death-like features, the bones that pierce the ſhrivell'd ſkin—the broken faultering voice—the frail and tottering carcaſe, while the poiſon preys into the very marrow of the bones—Horrible and loathſome picture—Faugh! how the thought ſickens! Do you remember, Amelia, that miſerable object who died lately in the hoſpital—whoſe contagious breath tainted the air—whom modeſty forbad to look at.—Recal, if thou canſt, that loathſome image.—Such, O horrible to think! is now thy once lov'd Charles! His lips diſtil poiſon—his kiſſes peſtilence and death——

Amelia. Deteſted, ſhameleſs ſlanderer!

Francis. Does this image of thy lover inſpire thee with horror? Then paint him, Amelia, in your own imagination—the lovely, the divine, the angelic Charles! Go! enjoy the ambroſia of his lips,—inhale his balmy breath! [*Amelia hides her face with her hands.*] Oh extacy! What rapture in thoſe embraces!—But is it not moſt unjuſt—nay cruel, to condemn a man becauſe he is ſo unfortunate as to be the victim of diſeaſe? May not a great ſoul inhabit a foul carcaſe? [*With malignant irony.*] May not the beauties of the mind dwell in a tainted body—or the ſoft voice of love iſſue from the lips of corruption?—True indeed, if the poiſon of debauchery ſhould taint the ſoul as

well as the body; if impurity and virtue were inconſiſtent, as a withered roſe loſes its perfume, then——

Amelia. [*With rapture.*] Ha! once more I know my Charles! my own Charles! Liar! 'tis falſe as hell! You know, monſter! it is impoſſible! [*Francis remains for a while abſorpt in thought, and then turns away ſuddenly, as if going out.*] Whither art thou going?—Does ſhame overpower thee?

Francis. [*Covering his face.*] Let me begone—let my tears have their free courſe.—Cruel, tyrannic father! that could abandon to miſery the beſt, the worthieſt of thy children!—Let me hence this moment, to throw myſelf at his feet—and on my knees intreat him to heap upon my head that heavy malediction—To throw me off, diſinherit me for ever—To ſacrifice my blood, my life, my all for him!

Amelia. What now!—Is it poſſible? Art thou yet my Charles's brother—the kind, the tender——

Francis. O Amelia! how I love, how I admire that matchleſs conſtancy of affection!—Wilt thou pardon me that moſt ſevere, that cruel trial of thy love?—How haſt thou juſtified all I hoped, all I could have wiſhed to have found in thee! Thoſe tears, thoſe ſighs—that ardent indignation!—Ah! ſuch are the certain proofs how much our ſouls have ever ſympathiſed!

Amelia. [*Shakes her head.*] No! by the chaſte light of heaven! Not an atom of him,—not a ſpark of his ſoul,—not a particle of his ſenſibility!

Francis. 'Twas on a calm, ſtill evening, the laſt before his departure for Leipzick, when taking me

along with him to that grove which has ſo often witneſſed the rapturous expreſſions of your paſſion, your vows of mutual love; – there, after a long ſilence, he took my hand in his: and while the tears almoſt choked his utterance, I leave my Amelia, ſaid he— I know not how to account for it—but I have a ſad preſentiment that it is for ever! Do not abandon her, my dear brother—Be her friend, her Charles! Should it happen, that Charles—ſhould never return! —that he were gone for ever. [*He throws himſelf at Amelia's feet, and kiſſes her hand with ardour:*]—And he is gone for ever,—no more will he return;—and I have pledged my ſacred promiſe.——

Amelia. [*Springing back.*] Traitor! are you now detected!—'Twas in that very grove that we exchanged our ſolemn plighted oaths, that no other love—even after death—What an impious wretch art thou,—how execrable!—Quit my ſight!

Francis. You know me not, Amelia.—Still, ſtill you know me not.

Amelia. O I know you well,—moſt completely well at this inſtant—And you my Charle's confident! Yes ſure—to you he would have opened all his ſoul;—on your boſom he would have ſhed thoſe tears for me! ſigh'd forth my name in your blaſted ear.—As ſoon would he have written it on the pillory!—Quit my ſight!

Francis. You inſult me groſsly, madam.

Amelia. Quit my ſight!—Thou haſt robb'd me of a precious hour. May it be counted on thy worthleſs life!

Francis. You hate me then?

Amelia. I ſcorn you, wretch. Begone!

Francis. What! [*Stamping with fury on the ground.*] Thou ſhalt quake for this.—To be ſacrificed to an outcaſt! [*Goes off in a frenzy of paſſion.*]

Amelia. Go, mean and infamous wretch!—Now am I once more with Charles,—Outcaſt, did he ſay? the world is then unhinged:—Outcaſts are kings, and kings are outcaſts! I would not change the rags which that poor outcaſt wears for the imperial purple! What muſt be that look with which he begs his bread! An eye of majeſty itſelf,—a look that dazzles into nought the ſplendour of the proud, the pageant triumphs of the rich and great. [*She tears the jewels from her neck.*] To the duſt with you, ye uſeleſs ornaments:—Go load the unfeeling head of vanity.—Ye rich, ye proud, be that wealth ye glory in your curſe! be your pleaſures your poiſon!—Charles, Charles, now I am worthy thee!

[*Exit.*

Scene—An Inn on the frontiers of Saxony.

CHARLES DE MOOR.

[*Alone walking about with impatience.*] What is become of thoſe fellows? Sure they have been upon ſome ſcamper.—Here, houſe! get me ſome more wine! 'Tis very late, and the poſt not yet arrived. [*Putting his hand on his heart.*] How it beats here! Halloah! More wine! wine, I ſay! I need a double portion of courage to-day—for joy, or for deſpair.

[*Wine is brought,—Moor drinks, and ſtrikes the table violently with the glaſs.*] What a damn'd inequality in the lot of mankind!—While the gold lies uſeleſs in the mouldy coffer of the miſer, the leaden hand of poverty checks the daring flight of youth, and chills the fire of enterpriſe:—Wretches, whoſe income is beyond computation, have worn my threſhold in dunning payment of a few miſerable debts;—yet ſo kindly have I entreated them; graſp'd them by the hand;—give me but a ſingle day!—All in vain.—What are prayers, oaths, tears to them;—they touch not the ſcaly armour of an impenetrable heart!

Enter SPIEGELBERG *with Letters.*

Spieg. A plague conſume it! One ſtroke after another! Damnation! What thinkeſt thou, Moor? It drives one to madneſs!——

Moor. What is the matter now?

Spieg. The matter!—read—read it yourſelf.—Our trade's at an end;—peace proclaimed in Germany; *—the devil conſume thoſe prieſts!

The action of this play is ſuppoſed to have paſſed in the reign of the Emperor Maximilian, (grandfather of Charles V.) who in 1506 procured that great enactment of the Imperial Diet, which eſtabliſhed a perpetual peace between all the different States that compoſe the Germanic body. Before his time, they were conſtantly at war with each other, a ſtate of ſociety favourable to every ſpecies of depredation and outrage.

Moor. Peace in Germany!

Spieg. 'Tis enough to make a man hang himſelf:—Club-law is gone for ever:—All fighting prohibited, on pain of death:—Death and fury! Moor, go hang yourſelf!—Pens muſt ſcribble, where ſwords hack'd before!

Moor. [*Throws away his ſword*]. Then let cowards rule, and men throw by their arms—Peace in Germany! Germany, this news has blaſted thee for ever! Gooſe-quills for ſwords:—No, I will not think of it! Muſt this free ſpirit bend to that reſtraint? this will be chained by their curſt laws?—Peace in Germany! Curſe on that peace, that would confine to earth the flight of an eagle.—Did peace ever make a great man?—'Tis war that makes the hero!—O, if the ſpirit of Arminius * were yet alive in his aſhes!—Place me but at the head of a troop of men like myſelf, and out of Germany, beyond her limits.—No, no, no! It will not do.—'Tis all over with her,—her hour is come! Not an atom of ſpirit, not a free pulſe in the poſterity of *Barbaroſſa!*—Here, I bid adieu to all noble enterpriſe,—and ſeek once more my native peaceful fields!

Spieg. What the devil! you'll play the prodigal ſon upon us?—A fellow like you, who has made more gaſhes with his ſword than an attorney's clerk has written lines in a leap-year! Fie, fie! ſhame

* Prince of the Cheruſci, who withſtood the whole power of the Romans in the time of Auguſtus, defeated Varus and his legions, and uniting the Germanic tribes, nobly aſſerted the liberty and independance of his country.

upon it! Misfortune ſhall never make a coward of a man!

Moor. Maurice!—I will aſk pardon of my father, and think it no ſhame! Call it weakneſs, if you pleaſe—it is the weakneſs of a man;—and he who feels it not, muſt be either above humanity—or below it—I ſteer the middle courſe.

Spieg. Go then! I know thee no longer for Moor! Have you forgot how many thouſand times, with the glaſs in your hand, you ſcoff'd at the old miſer?—"Let him ſcrape and hoard as he will—I'll drink "the more for it." Have you forgot that, Moor?—That was ſpoke like a man—like a gentleman—but now——

Moor. Curſe on you for that remembrance! May I be curs'd for ever having uttered it!—'Twas the ſpeech of intoxication—my heart abhorr'd what my tongue expreſſed.

Spieg. [*Shaking his head.*] No, no—that's impoſſible—impoſſible, brother.—Confeſs that it is neceſſity that makes thee talk thus.—Come man, never fear! let things be ever ſo bad—The more peril the more courage; the more they cruſh us, the higher we'll riſe.—If the fates throw bars in our way, 'tis to make heroes of us—Come along!

Moor. [*Peeviſhly.*] In my opinion, there's little occaſion now for courage—when there's nothing to be done with it.

Spieg. So!—You would then give up the game—bury your talents in the earth?—Do you think our paltry exploits at Leipzick were the limits of human

genius? Let us launch into the great world—Paris and London for me! There, if you give one the title of *honeſt man*, he knocks you down for it.—There a man has ſome pleaſure in the trade—'tis on a grand ſcale.—What do you ſtare at? Such charming counterfeiting of hands, loading of dice, picking of locks, gutting of ſtrong boxes!—Ay, Spiegelberg muſt be your maſter! Let the poor dog be hanged who chuſes to ſtarve rather than crook his fingers!

Moor. [*Ironically.*] What, have you got that length?

Spieg. you miſtruſt me, I think—Stay till I get warm'd in the buſineſs, and you ſhall ſee wonders.—Your ſhallow brains will turn in your head when you hear the projects I ſhall form. [*Striking the table.*] *Aut Cæſar, aut nihil.*—You ſhall all be jealous of me.

Moor. [*Looking at him ſtedfaſtly.*] Maurice!

Spieg. [*Warmly.*] Yes, jealous of me—madly jealous, you, and every one of you.—I will invent ſuch plans as ſhall confound you all.—How the light breaks in!—What great ideas dawn upon my mind—What giant-projects formed in this creative brain?—Curs'd lethargy of the ſoul! [*Striking his head.*] that chain'd my better judgment, cramp'd all my ſtrength of mind—ruin'd all my proſpects—I am now awake—I feel what I am, what I muſt yet be.—Go leave me—you ſhall all be indebted to my bounty for your ſupport!

Moor. You are a fool! The wine has got into your head! 'Tis that makes you bluſter ſo.

Spieg. [*Still more animated.*] Spiegelberg, they will ſay, Art thou a magician, Spiegelberg?—What a pity, Spiegelberg, ſays the King thou wert not a general, thou would'ſt have made the Turks creep into their holes like rats.—Now I think I hear the Doctors ſay, what a loſs it is this man had not been bred to phyſic;—he would have found out the *Elixir vitæ*. Ah, had he turned his thoughts to finance, ſay your ſtateſmen,* what a figure would he have made; he would have changed the very ſtones into gold—The name of Spiegelberg ſhall fly from pole to pole! And you, ye cowards, ye reptiles, ye ſhall crawl in the dirt, while Spiegelberg ſhall ſoar to the temple of glory, with an eagle's flight!——

Moor. A good journey to you! ſoar away to the pinnacle of glory, from the top of the gallows!—In the ſhade of my paternal woods, in the arms of my Amelia, I court far nobler pleaſures.—'Tis now eight days ſince I have written to my father to entreat his pardon. I have not concealed from him the ſmalleſt circumſtance of my miſconduct; and ſincere repentance will ever find forgiveneſs.—Maurice, let us part—part never to meet again—the poſt is arrived—at this very hour my father's pardon is within theſe walls.

* The expreſſion in the original is "Your *Sullys*;" an anachroniſm, excuſable from the hurry of compoſition.

Enter SWITZER, GRIMM, ROLLER, *and* SCHUFTERLE.

Roller. Do you know, that there is a ſearch for us?

Grimm. That every moment we may expect to be apprehended?

Moor. I am not ſurpriſed at it,—nor do I care how matters go.—Have none of you ſeen Razman? Did he ſpeak of no letters that he had for me?

Roller. I ſuppoſe he has ſome, for he has been looking for you a long time.

Moor. Where is he? Where, where? [*Is going out.*]

Roller. Stay, we deſired him to be at this place. You tremble, ſir?

Moor. I do not tremble.—What ſhould I tremble for? Friends, this letter,—rejoice with me,—I am the happieſt of men! Tremble! why ſhould I tremble?—[*Switzer ſits down in Spiegelberg's place, and drinks his wine.*]

Enter RAZMAN.

Moor. [*Running up to him.*] The letter! where is the letter?

Razman. [*Giving him a letter, which he opens with eagerneſs.*] What now? Why, you ſeem petrified!

Moor. My brother's hand!

Roller. What the devil is Spiegelberg about there?

Grimm. The fellow's out of his ſenſes; he's playing tricks like a monkey;—he has got St. Vitus's dance.

Schuſt. His wits are a-wool-gathering:—He's making verſes, I ſuppoſe.

Roller. Spiegelberg! hey, Spiegelberg!—The beaſt does not hear me.—

Grimm. [*Shaking him by the ſhoulder.*] Hallo! fellow, are you in a dream?

Spieg. [*Who all this time had been making geſtures on his ſeat, like a man who is conceiving ſome great project, ſtarts up with a wild aſpect, and ſeizes Switzer by the throat.*] Your purſe, or your life!

[Switzer, *with great coolneſs drives him againſt the wall.—All laugh. Moor lets fall the letter, and is going out in diſtraction.—The reſt keep ſilence for a while, and look at each other.*

Roller. [*Stopping him.*] Moor, where are you going?—What's the matter, Moor?

Grimm. What can be the matter?—He's as pale as a corpſe.——

Moor. Loſt! loſt for ever! [*Ruſhes out.*]

Grimm. He muſt have got ſtrange news,—Let's ſee what it can be!

Roller. [*Takes up the letter, and reads.*] "Unfor-
"tunate brother," A pleaſant beginning! "I am
"ſorry to inform you, that you have nothing more
"to hope for—Your father ſays, you may go where-
"ever your evil genius ſhall direct you:—He gives
"you up to perdition. He bids me tell you, that

" though you were to come in tears, and cling to his
" knees, you need not hope for pardon;—that you
" may expect a dungeon of the caſtle for your apart-
" ment, and bread and water for your ſuſtenance, till
" your briſtly hairs outgrow the feathers of an
" eagle, and your nails the claws of a vulture.
" Theſe are his very words—He orders me to ſtop
" here,—to bid you an eternal adieu.—I pity you
" from my ſoul."

" Francis de Moor."

Switzer. There's a pretty, ſweet, little brother for you!—And this vermin is called Francis?

Spieg. [*Sneaking forward.*] Bread and water, was that the word?—A fine life indeed! No, I ſhall find a better for you than that.—Didn't I always tell you, that I muſt ſcheme for you?

Switzer. What does that blockhead ſay? This aſs pretends to think for us all.

Spieg. Poor creatures! poor, lame, helpleſs animals! No hearts have you to attempt any thing that's great!

Roller. Well, ſo we are—you are quite right.—But what do you propoſe for our relief!—What's your plan for raiſing us from this pitiful ſtate? Come give it us!

Spieg. [*Laughing with ſelf-conceit.*] Poor things! to raiſe you from this pitiful ſtate—Ha, ha, ha! Pitiful indeed! I thought you had a thimble-ful of brains at leaſt. You have made a fine cavalcade, and now

you may ſtable your horſes! Spiegelberg were an aſs indeed, if he did not know his own courſe! I would make heroes of you—barons, princes, demigods!

Razman. Why, that's pretty well to begin with—This is ſome break-neck enterpriſe, I dare engage—ſomething that will coſt a head or two at leaſt.

Spieg. Not your head, I'll anſwer for it.—There's nothing wanting but courage!—As for the genius, the contrivance, I take that all upon myſelf—Courage, I ſay? Switzer, courage! Roller, Grimm, Razman, Schufterle—Courage is the word!

Switzer. Courage! if that were all, I have enough to go barefoot through the hotteſt hell!

Razman. Courage! I could fight the devil in his own ſhape, for a thief's body under the gallows!

Spieg. That's what I like! Well, if you have courage, let any one of you ſtep forward, and ſay, "I have ſomething yet to loſe—I am not quite "thread-bare." [*After a long pauſe.*] What, not a word among you?

Roller. What's the uſe of all this palaver?—If we have ſenſe to comprehend the buſineſs, and courage to execute it, ſpeak it out!

Spieg. Well then, hearkee! [*He places himſelf in the middle of them, and with a ſolemn tone of adjuration.*] If there is a drop of German blood—of the blood of heroes, in your veins—come!—let us betake ourſelves to the foreſts of Bohemia—form a troop of robbers, and —— What do you ſtare at? Is your little flaſh of courage out already?

Roller. You are not the firſt rogue indeed who has ſet the gallows at defiance—and yet—what choice is left us?

Spieg. What choice?—Why, you have no choice.—Would you chuſe to take up your abode in the dungeons for debtors, and ſpin hemp till you are bailed by the laſt trumpet—or would you gain your miſerable morſel of bread with the ſpade and mattock? Would you beg an alms with a doleful tale under a window? or would you enliſt for recruits?—that's to ſay, if your hang-dog viſages did not betray you—and ſubmit to the torments of purgatory, at the pleaſure of an overbearing ſcoundrelly corporal—to run the gantlope, and dance to the muſic of the drum; or be chained like a galley-ſlave to a train of artillery?—There's what you have to chuſe upon—a charming catalogue of delightful occupations?

Roller. You are the prince of orators, Spiegelberg, when you want to make an honeſt man a ſcoundrel.—But ſay, gentlemen, what's become of Moor?

Spieg. Honeſt man, ſay you? Will you be the leſs an honeſt man, if you follow my advice, than you are at preſent? What do you call honeſt? To eaſe the miſer of a part of his load, and give him ſound ſleep and golden dreams for it; to bring the ſtagnating metal into circulation; to regulate the unequal balance of fortunes—in ſhort, to bring back the golden age—to rid Providence of a burden, and ſave Him the trouble of ſending war, peſtilence, famine, and phyſic, among us;—to have the proud thought when you ſit down to your meal, This is the fruit of my own ingenuity—this was gained by

the courage of a lion—or this the reward of my watchful nights;—to draw the reſpect of all ranks and conditions.——

Roller. And laſtly, to enjoy the beatitude of tranſlation into heaven, bodily, and alive; to ſet ſtorm, and tempeſt, and Time himſelf at defiance; ſoar away under the ſun, moon, and ſtars, with the ſweet birds in concert around you; and, while kings and potentates are the food of worms, to have the honour of frequent viſits from the royal bird of Jove. Maurice, Maurice, have a care of yourſelf; beware of the beaſt that has three legs.

Spieg. And you are afraid of that, you pitiful animal? Many a noble fellow, fit to have reformed the world, has rotted between heaven and earth. And does not the renown of ſuch men live for centuries?—ay for a millennium;—while the vulgar herd of kings and princes would be overlooked in the catalogue, but that the hiſtorian finds it neceſſary to complete his genealogical tree, and ſwell the number of his pages, for which his bookſeller pays him by the ſheet.—Ay! and when the traveller ſees him dangling in the wind,—"There," ſays he, muttering to himſelf, "that man had no water in his brains, "I'll warrant him,"—and curſes the hardſhip of the times.

Razman. Great and maſterly, by Heaven!—Spiegelberg, thou haſt a charm, like Orpheus, to lull the yelling Cerberus, conſcience.—Take me to yourſelf;—I am yours for ever.

Grimm. Ay, and let them call it infamy.—What then? At the worſt, 'tis but carrying a ſmall doſe of

powder in our pocket, which will ſend us quietly over Styx,—to take a nap in that country where no cocks will crow to waken us.—Courage, Maurice! —that's Grimm's confeſſion of faith. [*Gives him his hand.*]

Schufterle.—Zounds! What a hurly-burly's in this head of mine. It's a fair auction:—Mountebanks, Lotteries,—Alchymiſts,—Pickpockets,—you have all your chance;—and he that offers moſt, ſhall have me —Give me your hand, couſin.

Switzer. [*Comes forward ſlowly, and gives his hand to Spiegelberg.*] Maurice, thou art a great man;—or rather—the blind ſow has ſmel't out the maſt.

Roller. [*After a long ſilence, with his eyes fixed on Switzer.*] What, And you too, my friend,—give me your hand.—Roller and Switzer for ever;—ay, to the pit of hell!

Spieg. [*Cuts a caper.*] Up to the ſtars, my boys! A free courſe to your Cæſars and your Catilines.—Courage! Off with your glaſſes.—Here's a health to the god Mercury!

All [*drinking.*] Here he goes!

Spieg. Now, for buſineſs! A twelvemonth hence we ſhall be able to buy earldoms.

Switzer. [*Muttering.*] Yes, if we are not broke on the wheel. [*They are going off.*]

Roller. Softly, my boys, ſoftly,—where are you going?—The beaſt muſt have a head to its body.—Rome and Sparta could never have ſtood without a chief to command them.

Spieg. [*In a tone of complacence.*] Yes,—very right.—Roller ſpeaks to the purpoſe;—we muſt have a chief,—a man of talents, great reach, a politic head.—Ha, ha! [*Standing with his arms acroſs.*] When I think what you were a few minutes ago, and what a ſingle lucky thought has made of you *now*.—Yes, truly you muſt have a chief;—and you'll own, that he that ſtruck out a thought of that kind had a head-piece.—wiſe, crafty, politic.——

Roller. If there was any hope,—any chance that,—but I deſpair of his conſent.

Spieg. [*Cajoling.*] Why deſpair, my friend;—difficult as it may be to guide the ſhip when ſhe's buffeted by the winds and waves, and however cumberſome may be the weight of a diadem.—ſpeak it out boldly, my boy.—Perhaps—he may be prevailed upon.

Roller. It will be all children's play if he's not our leader.—Without Moor, we are a body without a ſoul.

Spieg. [*Turning aſide peeviſhly.*] Blockhead!

Enter Moor, *with wild geſtures, ſtalks backwards and forwards, ſpeaking to himſelf.*

Moor. Men!—Men! falſe! treacherous crocodiles! Your eyes are water! your hearts are iron! kiſſes on your lips! and poniards in your boſom! The lion and the panther feed their whelps—the raven ſtrips the carrion to bring to her young; and he—he!—Whatever malice can deviſe I have learnt to bear—I could ſmile when my enemy drinks of my heart's blood.—But when a father's love becomes a fury's hate—O then, let fire rage here where once

was humanity!—the tender-hearted lamb become a tyger—and every fibre of this tortured frame be rack'd—to ruin and deſpair!

Roller. Hearkee, Moor—what's your opinion—Isn't the life of a robber better than ſtarving in a dungeon on bread and water?

Moor. Why did not this ſoul inhabit the tyger's boſom, that ſatiates his maw on human fleſh!—Was that a father's kindneſs!—Love for love!—Would I were a bear of the North, and could arm my ravenous kind againſt thoſe murderers!—To repent, and not to be forgiven!—Oh! I could poiſon the ocean, that they might drink death in every ſource!—I truſted to his compaſſion—relied on it wholly—and found no pity!

Roller. Hear me, Moor, hear what I ſay!

Moor. It is incredible—all a dream.—So earneſt a requeſt, a picture of miſery ſo ſtrong—contrition ſo ſincere!—the moſt ſavage beaſt would have melted to compaſſion,—ſtones would have wept; yet he—If I ſhould publiſh it to the world, it would not be believed—'twould be thought a libel on the human ſpecies; and yet—Oh! that I could blow the trumpet of rebellion through all nature, and ſummon heaven, earth, and ſeas, to war againſt this ſavage race!

Grimm. Do you hear, Moor! This frenzy makes him deaf!

Moor. Begone! fly.——Is not your name man? Was not you born of woman? Out of my ſight, with that human face!—I loved him with ſuch unutterable affection.—No ſon ever loved a father ſo! I

would have ſacrificed a thouſand lives for him. [*Stamping with fury.*] Ha! where is he that will put a ſword in my hand, to extinguiſh with one mortal blow this viperous race!—that will teach me where to ſtrike, that I might deſtroy the germ of exiſtence!—Oh! he were my friend, my angel, my god!—I would fall down and worſhip him!

Roller. We will be ſuch friends—let us but ſpeak to you.

Grimm. Come with us to the foreſts of Bohemia—we'll form a troop of robbers—and then—[*Moor ſtares at him.*]——

Switzer. Thou ſhalt be our Captain!—Thou *muſt* be our Captain.

Spieg. [*Sits down in rage.*] Slaves and poltroons!

Moor. Who put that thought in your head? tell me, ſirrah! [*Seizing Roller with a rough graſp.*] That *man's* heart of thine never conceived the project! Who put it in your head?—Yes, by the thouſand arms of death! that we will—that we *ſhall* do! 'Tis a thought worthy of a divinity!—Robbers and aſſaſſins—as my ſoul lives, I will be your Captain!

All. [*With a loud ſhout.*] Long live the Captain!

Spieg. [*Aſide.*] Till I give him his *mittimus!*

Moor. So now!—The ſcales drop from my eyes! What a fool I was to think of returning to my cage! My ſoul thirſts for action, my ſpirit pants for liberty!—Robbers and aſſaſſins! with thoſe words I ſet all laws at defiance!—Man had no humanity when I appealed to humanity! Pity and compaſſion! here let me throw you off for ever!—I have no fa-

ther—no affection more! Come, Death and Murder be my maſters! and teach me to forget that this heart e'er knew what fondneſs was! Come to my ſoul, ye fiends! Now for ſome horrible exploit.—'Tis reſolved, I am your Captain,—and glory to him who moſt ſhall murder and deſtroy—he ſhall have a king's reward.—Here, ſtand around in a circle, and ſwear to be true to me till death!

All. [*Giving him their hands.*] Till death! [*Spiegelberg walks aſide diſſatisfied.*]

Moor. And now, by this man's right hand, [*Stretching out his hand.*] I ſwear to be your faithful commander—till death! Now, by my ſoul, I'll make a corpſe of him who firſt ſhews fear among you! And when I break this oath, be ſuch my fate from you!—Are you agreed?

All. [*Throwing their hats in the air.*] We're all agreed——[*Spiegelberg grins a malicious ſmile.*]

Moor. Then let us go! Fear neither danger nor death—our deſtiny has long been fixed, unalterable—and each ſhall meet his end as fate decrees—on the down bed, or in the bloody field—the gibbet, or the wheel—one of theſe deaths we die for certain!—

[*Exeunt.*

Spieg. The catalogue's defective! you have forgot treaſon!

End of the FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE, *Moor's Caſtle.*

FRANCIS DE MOOR *alone in his apartment.*

I'VE loſt all patience with theſe doctors.—An old man's life is an eternity.—Muſt my noble plans creep the ſnail's pace of a dotard's lingering hours of life? If one could point a new track for death to enter the fort!—*If to tear the ſoul could kill the body!* —Ay, that were ſomething! an original invention! —He that ſhould make that diſcovery were a ſecond Columbus in the empire of death!—Think on that, Moor.—'Twere an art worthy to have thee for its inventor!—How then ſhall we begin the work?—What horrible emotion would have the force to break at once the thread of life? *Rage?* No! that hungry wolf ſurfeits himſelf, and regorges his meal! *Grief?* That's a worm that lingers in the fleſh, and

mines his way too ſlowly!—*Fear?* No! hope blunts his dart, and will not let him ſtrike his prey!—What! are theſe our only executioners? Is the arſenal of death ſo ſoon exhauſted? Hum!—hum! [*Muſing.*] What now?—No more?—Ha! I have it! *Terror* is the word!—What is proof againſt Terror? Reaſon, religion, hope—all muſt give way before this giant fiend!—And then—ſhould he even bear the ſhock—there's more behind.—*Anguiſh of mind*, come aid the imperfect work!—*Repentance*, gnawing viper of the ſoul—monſter that ruminateſt thy baneful food!—And thou *Remorſe!* that liveſt on thy mother's fleſh, and waſt'ſt thine own inheritance!—And you, even you, ye powers of Grace and Mercy! give your aid! Ye bliſsful years o'erpaſt, diſplay your charms to memory's fond retroſpect, and poiſon with your ſweets the preſent hour!—Ye ſcenes of future bliſs, combine to wound—ſhew him the joys of paradiſe before him, and hold the dazzling mirror out to hope, but cheat his feeble graſp!—Thus let me play my battery of death—ſtroke after ſtroke inceſſant—till nature's mound is broken—and the whole troop of furies ſeize the ſoul, and end their work by horror and deſpair!—Triumphant thought!—So now—the plan's my own! Now for the work!

Enter HERMAN.

Ha! *Deus ex machinâ!* Herman!

Herman. Herman, at your ſervice, good Sir!

Francis. [*Gives him his hand.*] I am much obliged to you, Herman. I am not ungrateful.

Herman. I have proofs of that, Sir.

Francis. You ſhall have more anon—anon, good Herman!—I have ſomething to ſay to you, Herman.

Herman. I hear you with a thouſand ears!

Francis. I know you well—you're reſolute and brave—you have a ſoldier's heart!—My father, Herman—by heavens, he wrong'd you much!

Herman. By hell, I won't forget it!

Francis. That's ſpoken like a man! Revenge becomes a man! I like you, Herman! Here, take this purſe!—It ſhould be heavier, were I the maſter here.

Herman. Good Sir, I thank you heartily.—'Tis my moſt earneſt wiſh you were ſo.

Francis. Say you ſo, good Herman? Do you really,—do you in your heart wiſh me to be the maſter?—But my father,—he has the marrow of a lion in his bones; and I am but a younger ſon.

Herman. I wiſh you were the elder,—and he in the laſt ſtage of a conſumption.

Francis. Ha! were that the caſe, the eldeſt ſon would not forget you, my friend.—Then would he raiſe you from the duſt; from that low condition which ſo ill becomes your merits,—nay, your birth: he would draw you forth into light:—Then ſhould you roll in gold—a ſplendid equipage;—then ſhould,—but I have wandered from what I meant to ſay.—Have you quite forgot the fair Edelreich, Herman?

Herman. Thunder of Heaven! Why have you called up that thought?

Francis. You loſt her.—'Twas my brother that was the conjurer there.——

Herman. He ſhall pay dearly for it.

Francis. She diſmiſſed you, I believe,—and he thruſt you down ſtairs.——

Herman. I ſhall thruſt him down to hell for that.

Francis. He uſed to ſay, 'twas whiſpered, that your father never could look at you, without ſmiting his breaſt, and crying "God-a-mercy on my ſins!"

Herman, [*Furiouſly.*] Lightning blaſt him!—Stop there!

Francis. He adviſed you to ſell your patent of nobility to mend your ſtockings.

Herman. Hell conſume him' I'll tear his eyes out with theſe nails.——

Francis. What! you are exaſperated at him.—Poor Herman! What ſignifies your malice! What harm can you do him? What can a rat do to a lion? Your rage but makes his triumph the ſweeter:---You have nothing for it but to grind your teeth in ſilence,---to ſpend your fury in gnawing at a dry cruſt.

Herman [*ſtamping with his feet.*] I'll cruſh him, trample him beneath my feet!

Francis. [*Clapping him on the ſhoulder.* Well ſaid, Herman! You are a gentleman. This affront muſt not be put up with. You would not renounce the lady? No, not for the world. Fire and fury? I would move heaven and earth if I were in your place!

Herman. I will not reſt till I have him under my feet.

Francis. Not quite ſo outrageous, Herman.—Come near,—thou ſhalt have Amelia.

Herman. I'll have her! in ſpite of hell, I'll have her?

Francis. You ſhall have her, I tell you,—and from my hand.—Come near!—You don't know perhaps that Charles is as good as diſinherited.

Herman. [*Coming near.*] Impoſſible! I never heard a ſyllable of that.

Francis. Be quiet and hear me!—It's now eleven months ſince he has been in a manner baniſhed.—Another time I'll tell you more of this.—But the old man begins to repent a little of the precipitate ſtep he has taken; though [*ſmiling*] I flatter myſelf it was not all his own doing neither;—and the girl too,—Amelia I mean,—purſues him inceſſantly with her tears and reproaches.—He'll be ſending in queſt of him by and by all over the world; and if he is found, good night to you, Herman!—You may then make your obeiſance, and humbly open the coach-door when he goes to church with her.

Herman. I'll ſtrangle him at the altar!

Francis. His father will ſoon give up his eſtates to him, and live in retirement at his ſolitary caſtle.—Then that proud hot-headed bluſterer will have the reins in his own hand,—and laugh his enemies to ſcorn;—and I, Herman, I who would make a man of you, and load you with riches,—I myſelf muſt pay my humble duty at his door.—

Herman. [*Warmly.*] No, as ſure as my name is Herman, that ſhall never be! If there is a ſpark of invention in this head, that ſhall never be.

Francis. Will you prevent it? You too, my dear Herman, muſt ſink beneath his ſcourge,—He'll ſpit in your face when he meets you in the ſtreets; and woe be to you, if you but ſhrug a ſhoulder, or crook

your mouth at him!—Ay—there's the amount of all your fine proſpects, your hopes of love, your mighty plans.——

Herman. [*Eagerly.*] Tell me then what I muſt do.

Francis. Hear then, Herman! You ſee how I enter into your feelings like a true friend.—Go, change your clothes—diſguiſe yourſelf, ſo as not to be known—get yourſelf announced to the old man as one that is juſt returned from Hungary—give out, that you were with my brother at the laſt battle, and that you were preſent when he breathed his laſt upon the field!——

Herman. Will they believe me?

Francis. Pho! let me alone for that.—Take this packet—Here you'll find a commiſſion, and all the neceſſary documents, that would convince ſuſpicion itſelf of the truth of your ſtory.—Only be quick in getting out, and take care you are not ſeen.—Slip out by the back door into the court, and thence over the garden-wall.—As for the winding up of the plot, leave that to me!

Herman. And then it will be, "Long live our "new maſter, our noble Lord, Francis de Moor!"

Francis. [*Patting him on the cheek.*] Ha! what a cunning rogue you are—you ſee it at the firſt glance! For look'ye how ſure and how quick the project works—Amelia's hopes are gone at once—The old man lays his ſon's death at his own door—he falls ſick—A tottering houſe does not need an earthquake to bring it down—He'll never outlive your intelligence—Then—then I am his only ſon—

Amelia has loſt every ſupport, and is the plaything of my will—Then you may eaſily gueſs what follows —you—in ſhort all goes to a wiſh.—But you muſt not flinch from your word!

Herman. Flinch! did you ſay?—The ball might as ſoon fly back to the cannon!—you may depend on me. Farewell.

Francis. [*Running after him.*] Remember, 'tis all for yourſelf you are working. [*Follows him with his eyes to the end of the ſtage—and then breaks out into an infernal laugh.*] Keen, earneſt, to a wiſh!—How impetuouſly the blockhead throws off his honeſty, to ſnatch at an object, that the ſmalleſt ſpark of common ſenſe muſt convince him he can never attain. [*Peeviſhly.*] No—that's unpardonable! This fellow is an arrant knave—and yet he truſts to one's promiſe.—It coſts him nothing to deceive an honeſt man—and yet when deceived himſelf he never will forgive it.—Is this the boaſted lord of the creation! Pardon me, Dame Nature! If I owe you a grudge for that form you have given me.—Complete your work by ſtripping me of every veſtige of humanity. —Man! thou haſt forfeited all my regard—nor in my conſcience do I think there is the ſmalleſt crime in doing all I can to injure thee! [*Exit.*

SCENE.

Count DE MOOR'S *Bed-chamber.*

The Count aſleep, AMELIA.

Amelia. Softly,—oh ſoftly,—he is aſleep. [*She ſtops and looks at him.*] How good! how venerable! —Such is the countenance with which they paint the bleſſed ſaints!—Angry with thee! Oh no!—with that gray head! Oh never, never! [*She ſcatters roſes upon the bed.*]—Sweet be thy ſlumber, as the roſes ſweet perfume. May the image of Charles viſit you in your dreams! May you awake in a bed of roſes!—I too will go ſleep amidſt perfumes;—mine is the Roſemary. [*She goes a few ſteps.*]

Old Moor. [*In his ſleep.*] My Charles! my Charles! my Charles!

Amelia. Hark! His guardian angel has heard my prayer! [*Coming near him.*] 'Tis ſweet to breathe the air in which his name was uttered.—I'll ſtay here.

Old Moore. [*Still in his ſleep.*] Are you there? Are you truly there? Ah! do not look ſo pitifully upon me!—I am miſerable enough already! [*He ſtirs reſtleſsly.*]

Amelia. [*Wakens him haſtily.*] Uncle! my dear uncle!—'Twas but a dream!

Old Moor. [*Half awake.*] Was he not there? Had I not his hand in mine?—Is not this the ſmell of roſes? O hateful Francis, will you not let me dream of him?

Amelia. [*Drawing back.*] Mark'ſt thou that, Amelia!

Old Moor. [*Wakens.*] Where am I?—Are you here, my niece?

Amelia. You had a delightful ſleep, uncle.

Old Moor. I was dreaming of my Charles.—Why did they break my dreams?—I might have had my pardon from his mouth.

Amelia. [*Paſſionately.*] His pardon! Angels have no reſentment. He forgives you, uncle. [*Preſſing his hand.*] Father of my Charles, I forgive you too.

Old Moor. No, no, my child,—that wan cheek,—that deadly pale bears witneſs,—in ſpite of thee! Poor girl!—I have blaſted all the promiſe of thy ſpring,—thy joys of youth.—Don't forgive me,—but oh, do not curſe me!

Amelia. Can there be a curſe of love*?—Here it is then, my father. [*Kiſſes his hand with tenderneſs.*]

Old Moor. [*Riſing from the bed.*] What's here, my child? Roſes? Did you ſtrew theſe roſes here? On me?—On me, who killed your Charles?

*GERM. *Die liebe hat nur einen fluch gelernt.* Love has learnt but one curſe.

Amelia. I ſtrewed them on his father! [*Falling on his neck.*] No more on him can I ſtrew them!

Old Moor. With what delight would'ſt thou have done ſo!—And yet, my child, unknowingly 'tis done;—for ſee,—know you that picture? [*Drawing aſide the curtain of the bed.*]

Amelia. [*Ruſhing towards the picture.*] 'Tis Charles!

Old Moor. Such was he in his ſixteenth year.—But now how changed!—I ſhudder to think upon it.—That ſweetneſs, now fell miſanthropy—that ſmile, deſpair!—Is't not ſo, Amelia?——It was upon his birth-day—in the bower of jeſſamine, that you drew that picture of him.

Amelia. O, never will I forget that day!—Paſt and gone for ever! He ſat juſt before me—a ray of the ſetting ſun ſhone full upon his face—and his dark locks floated careleſs on his neck! O, in that hour 'twas all the woman here—the artiſt was forgot—the pencil fell from my hand—and my trembling lips fed, in imagination, on every line and track of that dear countenance!—My heart was full of the original.—The weak inanimate touches fell feebly on the canvas—languid as thoſe faint traces which the memory bears of muſic that is paſt† !——

Old Moor. Say on! continue thus! theſe images bring back paſt time.—O my child, I was ſo happy in your loves!

Amelia. [*Keeping her eyes ſtill on the picture.*] No no,—it is not he!—no, no, by heaven! 'Tis not my

† GERM. *Geſtriche adagio.* Soft muſic of yeſterday.

Charles!—Here! [*Striking her heart and her forehead.*] Here he is quite himſelf—ſo like—but there ſo different.—The pencil can give no idea of that ſoul that ſpoke in his countenance!—Away with it—'tis a poor image—an ordinary man!—Oh! I was a mere novice in the art!

Enter DANIEL.

Daniel. There is a man without who wiſhes to ſee you, Sir. He ſays he brings tidings of importance.

Old Moor. To me, Amelia, there is but one ſubject of ſuch tidings—you know it.—Perhaps 'tis ſome poor wretch who comes to me for charity—for relief—he ſhall not go hence in ſorrow. [*Exit* Daniel.

Amelia. A beggar!—and he is let in at once!

Old Moor. Amelia! Oh ſpare me, my child!

Enter FRANCIS, HERMAN *in diſguiſe*, and DANIEL.

Francis. Here is the man, Sir.—He ſays he has terrible news for you.—Can you bear to hear it, Sir?

Old Moor. I know but one thing terrible to hear.—Speak it out, friend—Give him ſome wine there.

Herman. [*In a feigned voice.*] Will your honour take no offence at a poor man becauſe he brings you bad news?—'tis againſt his will. I am a ſtranger in this country—but I know you well: you are the father of Charles de Moor.

Old Moor. How know you that?

Herman. I knew your ſon——

Amelia. Is he alive?—is he alive?—Do you know him?—Where is he?—where, where? [*Running forward.*]

Old Moor. Do you know my ſon?

Herman. He ſtudied at the univerſity of Leipzick, —Whither he went from thence I know not.—He wandered all over Germany bare headed and bare footed, as he told me himſelf, and begg'd his bread from door to door!—About five months afterwards that terrible war broke out between the Poles and Turks—and being quite deſperate, he followed the victorious army of King Matthias to the town of Peſth.—Give me leave, ſaid he to the King, to die on the bed of heroes?—I have no father now!——

Old Moor. O do not look at me, Amelia!

Herman. He got a pair of colours—he followed Matthias in his victories;—he and I ſlept in the ſame tent—often did he ſpeak of his old father—of the days of his former happineſs—and of his blaſted hopes —till his eyes ran over at the thought!——

Old Moor. [*Hiding his head.*] Enough, enough, —no more!——

Herman. Eight days afterwards, we had a hot engagement.—Your ſon behaved like a gallant ſoldier. —He did prodigies that day,—as the whole army witneſſed;—he ſaw five regiments ſucceſſively relieved, and he kept his ground. A whole ſhower of fire was poured in on every quarter.—Your ſon kept his ground;—a ball ſhattered his right hand;—he ſeized the colours with the left, and ſtill he kept his ground.—

Amelia. [*In tranſport.*] He kept his ground, father! he kept his ground!

Herman. On the evening of the day of battle, I found him lying on the field,—on that ſame ſpot.—

With his left hand he was ſtopping the blood that flowed from a large wound. He had buried his right hand in the earth.—Fellow ſoldier, ſaid he, I am told that the General has fallen an hour ago.—He is fallen, ſaid I, and you—Well then! ſaid he.—every brave ſoldier ought to follow his General.—He took his hand from the wound;—and in a few moments—he breathed his laſt—like a hero.

Francis. [*Pretending rage.*] Curs'd be that tongue!—May it be dumb for ever.—Wretch! Are you come here, to be my father's executioner?—to murder him?—My father! Amelia! My dear father!

Herman. It was the laſt requeſt of my dying friend.—Take this ſword, ſaid he, in a faultering voice.—carry it to my old father.—It is marked with the blood of his ſon.—Tell him, his malediction was my doom;—'twas that which made me ruſh on battle, and on death—I die in deſpair.—The laſt word he uttered was.—*Amelia.*

Amelia. [*As if ſtarting from a deep reverie.*] The laſt word was Amelia!

Old Moor. [*With a dreadful ſhriek, and tearing his hair.*] My malediction was his death! He died in deſpair!

Herman. Here is the ſword,—and here a picture that he took from his boſom at the ſame time—Methinks it is this lady's picture.—This, ſaid he, my brother Francis will——What more he would have ſaid, I know not.

Francis. [*With aſtoniſhment.*] To me, that picture? To me? Amelia to me?

Amelia. [*Coming up to Herman with fury.*] Impoſtor! Villain, baſe, hired, perfidious villain! [*Seizes him rudely.*]

Herman. Madam, I know nothing of it—Look at it yourſelf:—See whether it is your picture!—Perhaps you gave it him yourſelf.

Francis. By heavens! Amelia, 'tis your picture! Yours, as I live!

Amelia. [*Giving it back.*] 'Tis mine!—O heaven and earth!

Old Moor. [*With an agonizing cry.*] Oh! My malediction was his death? He died in deſpair!

Francis. He thought of me in the laſt moment of exiſtence:—Of me!—Bleſſed ſpirit,—when the hand of death was on him!——

Old Moor. 'Twas I that gave him my curſe! he died by my hand!—he died in deſpair!—

Herman. [*With real emotion, and much agitated.*] I cannot ſtand it! This ſight of miſery unmans me! My Lord, farewel.——[*Aſide to Francis.*] Have you a heart? How could you do this? [*Exit haſtily.*

Amelia. [*Running after him.*] Stay, ſtay! what was his laſt word?

Herman. [*Coming back.*] With his laſt breath, he ſigh'd Amelia! [*Exit.*

Amelia. Amelia! with his laſt ſigh!—No, thou art no impoſtor—it is true—alas, too true! He is dead! my Charles is dead!

Francis. What do I ſee? What is that upon the ſword?—written in blood—Amelia!

Amelia. With his blood?

Francis. Am I in a dream? or is it really ſo?—Look at theſe characters—they are traced in blood: "*Francis, do not abandon my Amelia!*" See again—ſee here, on the other ſide, "*Amelia, all powerful* "*death has freed you from your vows!*" Do you mark that? With his dying hand he traced it—he wrote it with his heart's blood—yes, on the awful brink of eternity he wrote it!

Amelia. Almighty God! it is his hand—Oh! he never loved me! [*Exit.*

Francis. Damnation! he has a heart of adamant! thus buffetted, and yet unbroken—all my art is loſt upon him!——

Old Moor. O miſery! My child, my daughter, do not abandon me! [*To Francis.*] Wretch! give me back my ſon!

Francis. Who was it that gave him his malediction?—who was it that made him ruſh on battle and on death?—who drove him to deſpair?—Oh! he was a charming youth! a curſe upon his murderers!

Old Moor. [*Beating his breaſt and forehead.*] A curſe! a curſe! curſe on the father who murdered his own ſon! I am that curſed father! He loved *me*, even in death! To expiate my vengeance, he ruſh'd on battle and on death!—Monſter that I am! Oh monſter!

Francis. [*With malignant irony.*] He's dead—what ſignifies this idle lamentation.—'Tis eaſier to murder a man than to bring him to life again!

Old Moor. Wretch! it was you who made me throw him off,—who forced that malediction from

my heart!—'Twas you!—you!—O give me back my ſon!

Francis. Rouſe not my fury.—I abandon you in death!

Old Moor. Monſter! inhuman monſter! give me back my ſon! [*He riſes furiouſly, and endeavours to ſeize Francis by the throat, who runs out.*] Ten thouſand curſes on thy head! Thou haſt robb'd me of my only ſon! [*He ſinks down.*] Oh! oh!—to be in deſpair—and not to die!—They abandon me in death.—Is my good angel fled?—Yes! every angel muſt deſert the murderer—the hoary murderer!—Oh! oh! will none for pity hold this head—will none releaſe this ſpirit—no ſon! no daughter! no friend!—Is there to be found not one kind—Oh! deſpair! [*He faints.*]

Amelia. [*Coming ſlowly in, ſees him, and ſhrieks.*] Dead! quite dead! [*Ruſhes out in deſpair. The ſcene cloſes.*]

SCENE.

The Foreſts of Bohemia.

Razman *enters from one ſide of the ſtage, and* Spiegelberg, *with a band of robbers, from the other.*

Razman. Welcome, brother! welcome, my brave fellow, to the foreſts of Bohemia. [*They embrace.*] Where have you ranged, in lightning and in tempeſt? Whence come you now?

Spieg. Hot from the fair of Leipzick at preſent.—There was rare ſport!—aſk Schufterle.—He bid me congratulate you on your ſafe return.—He has joined Moor's great troop on the road.—[*Sitting down on the ground.*] And how has it fared with you ſince we left you? How goes the trade?—I could tell you of ſuch feats, my boy, that you would forego your dinner to hear them.

Razman. I have no doubt on't.—We heard of you in all the newſpapers.—But where the devil have you picked up all theſe fellows?—Blood and thunder! you've brought us a little army—you recruit like a hero!

Spieg. Han't I?—ay, and a ſet of clever dogs too!—Hang up your hat in the ſun, and I'll lay you five pounds 'tis gone in the twinkling of an eye, and the devil himſelf ſhan't tell where.

Razman. [*Laughing.*] The Captain will make you welcome with theſe brave boys.—He has got ſome fine fellows too.

Spieg. Pſhaw! your Captain!—Put his men and mine in compariſon!—Bha!

Razman. Well, well, yours may have good fingers—but I tell you our Captain's reputation has got him ſome brave fellows! Men of honour!

Spieg. So much the worſe.

Enter GRIMM, *running in.*

Razman. What now? Who's there? Are there any travellers in the foreſt?

Grimm. Quick! Quick! Where are the reſt? Zounds! do you ſtand chattering there?—Don't you know?—poor Roller——

Razman. What now? What of him?

Grimm. He's hang'd—that's all,—he and four more.

Razman. Roller? What?—When?—Where did you hear it?

Grimm. We heard nothing of him for three weeks.—He was all that time in jail, and we knew nothing of it:—He was three times put to the rack, to make him diſcover his Captain:—The brave fellow never ſqueak'd.—Yeſterday he got his ſentence,—and this morning—he went off expreſs to the devil.——

Razman. Damnation! Has the Captain heard of it?

Grimm. He heard of it only yeſterday:—He is foaming with rage:—You know he always thought highly of Roller; and now that he underwent the rack—We got ropes and a ladder to try to get him out,—but it was all in vain.—Moor himſelf put on the dreſs of a Capuchin, and got in to him. He endeavoured to perſuade him to change clothes with him,—but Roller poſitively refuſed.—And now the Captain has ſworn an oath, that made all our hairs ſtand on end! He vows he will light him ſuch a funeral pile as never king had!—he will burn them alive.—The town itſelf, I fear, will go for it:—He has long owed them a ſpite for their intolerable bigotry:—And you know, when he ſays, "I'll do it," 'tis as good as if we had done it already.

Razman. Ah! good God! poor Roller!

Spieg. "*Momento mori.*" What care I? [*Sings.*]

The gallows, my boy, whene'er I paſs by,
I cock my left eye, and I blink with the tother;
When I ſee the poor rogue on't, ſays I, my dear brother,
You may hang there for me.—Better you there than I.
Tol de rol, tol de rol.

Razman. [*Haſtily riſing.*] Hark! a ſhot! [*A great noiſe is heard of firing and huzzaing.*]

Spieg. Another!

Razman. And another! 'Tis the captain. [*A noiſe of ſinging behind the ſcenes.*]

The wittols of Nuremberg, theſe are the men!
They ne'er hang a thief till they catch him!
Da capo.

Roller's voice is heard, and Switzer's. Halloa! Halloa.

Razman. Roller, by heavens! 'tis Roller!

Switzer and Roller. [*Still behind the Scene.*] Razman, Grimm, Spiegelberg, Razman!

Razman. Roller! Thunder and lightning! Fire and fury! [*They run to meet them.*]

Enter MOOR.

As diſmounting from his horſe, Roller, Switzer, Schufterle, *and the whole band, all be ſpattered as from the road.*

Moor. Liberty! Liberty! my boys! Roller, is free—Take my horſe,—and daſh a bottle of wine

over him!——[*He ſits down on the ground.*] 'Twas hot work.

Razman. [*To Roller.*] By the forge of Pluto! you have had a reſurrection from the wheel!

Spieg. Are you his ghoſt? or are you fleſh and blood?

Roller. [*Quite breathleſs.*] Fleſh and blood, my boy! Where do you think I come from?

Grimm. Who the devil knows?—Aſk the witch on whoſe broomſtick you rode.—Hadn't you received ſentence?

Roller. Ay truly,—and ſomething more.—I was at the foot of the gallows, man! Stay till I get my breath.—Switzer will tell you.—Give me a glaſs of brandy!—Are you there, Maurice?—Come back too?—I thought to have met you ſomewhere elſe.—Give me a glaſs of brandy! I have not one bone ſticking to another,—that damn'd rack! The Captain! Where's my Captain?

Razman. Have patience, man, have patience.—Come, tell us,—tell us—How did you eſcape?—How came you off? I am in a maze!—From the foot of the gallows, did you ſay?

Roller. [*Drinks off a bumper of brandy.*] Ha! that ſmacks;—'t has the right bite;—ſtraight from the gallows, boy.—You ſtare at me!—What, you don't believe it?—I was but three ſteps off from Abraham's boſom—No more.—You would not have given a pinch of ſnuff for my life.—'Twas my Captain; I thank my Captain for my breath, my liberty, my life!

Switzer. Hah! 'twas a trick worth the telling. —It was but yeſterday we got notice by our ſpies that Roller lay ſnug in pickle*; and that unleſs the ſky fell, or ſome ſuch accident, before morning,—that's to-day, he would be gone the way of all fleſh.—Come, ſaid the Captain! Shall our friend go ſwing, and we do nothing for him—Save him or not, I promiſe you, I'll light him ſuch a pile; as few have ſeen the like!—He gave the orders to the band. —We ſent a truſty fellow, who contrived to give Roller notice, by ſlipping a ſcrap of paper into his ſoup.

Roller. I had no hopes of the thing ſucceeding.

Switzer. We watched for the moment when every thing was quiet,—the ſtreets deſerted,—every mortal gone to ſee the ſight,—horſe, foot, coaches, all pell-mell.—We heard even the noiſe at the gallows, and the pſalm-ſinging.—Now ſaid the Captain, now's the time! Set fire!—Our fellows darted like a ſhot through the whole town,—ſet fire to it at once in three and thirty different places;—they threw burning matches on the powder magazine, into the churches and the ſtore-houſes—'Sdeath! It was ſcarcely a quarter of an hour,—when a briſk gale from the north-eaſt, that certainly owed them a ſpite, like us, gave us all the help we wiſhed, and in a moment the whole was in a whirlwind of fire.—We ran up and down the ſtreets like furies, crying Fire! Fire! in every quarter!—Then there was ſuch a horrible noiſe and confuſion.—The great

* GERM. *Liege tuchtig im ſaltz.*

bells were ſet a ringing.—The powder magazine blew up.—'Twas as if heaven, earth, and hell had all gone together.

Roller. Then my attendants began to look behind them.—'Twas like Sodom and Gomorrah;—the whole town in a blaze:—Sulphur, ſmoke, and fire:—All the range of hills re-echoed with the exploſions:—The terror was univerſal:—Now was the time:—They had taken off my irons;—ſo very near was it;—touch and go;—off I went like an arrow;—out of ſight in a moment, while they ſtood petrified, like Lot's wife.—Luckily I had but a few paces to run to the river.—I tore off my clothes, jump'd in, and ſwam under water, till I thought they had loſt ſight of me.—Our brave Captain was on t'other ſide, with horſes ready, and clothes for me.—And here, my boys,—here I am! Moor, Moor, my brave fellow,—I wiſh only you were in the ſame ſcrape, that I might help you out of it.

Razman. Spoke like a brute;—a beaſt that ought to be hang'd—Egad it was a maſterly ſtroke!

Roller. Ay ſo it was.—Help at a pinch!—A friend in need is a friend indeed, ſay I;—but you can't judge of it.—No,—unleſs you had the rope about your neck, and were walking all alive to your grave.—Then thoſe helliſh preparations,—and every foot you w[illegible] a ſtep nearer that curs'd machine, which met you ſo full in view,—clear,—damnably illuminated by the riſing ſun*;—then the executioner and his men ſneaking behind you,—and that in-

* The executions in Germany are performed at day-break.

fernal pſalm-ſinging.—Zounds, my ears are ringing with it yet;—and then the croaking of a whole legion of carrion-crows that had been feaſting on the precious corruption of my predeceſſor, that hung there half-rotted away:—But above all, the helliſh joy that thoſe raſcals expreſſed when they ſaw me coming.—Oh, I ſhall never forget it.—No, for all the treaſures of Crœſus, I would not undergo that again.—Dying! Zounds, 'tis no more than cutting a caper:—'Tis what goes before that's the devil.

Spieg. And the powder-magazine was blown in the air?—that accounts for the ſtink of brimſtone we ſmelt far and near, as if the devil's wardrobe had been on fire.

Switzer. Damnation! If they made a holiday for the hanging of our poor comrade, why ſhould n't we make a holiday for the burning of their town,—when he was to eſcape by it.—Schufterle can you tell how many were killed?

Schuf. Eighty-three, they ſay;—the ſteeple cruſh'd ſixty of them to death.

Moor. [*In a very ſerious tone.*] Roller, thou waſt dearly bought.

Schuf. Pah! pah! what ſignifies all that?—Indeed, if they had been men—but they were babies in leading-ſtrings, mere bantlings—or old Mother Shiptons, their nurſes—and perhaps a few poor atomies that had not ſtrength to crawl to their doors.—All that had any ſoul or ſpirit in them were at the ſhow.—'Twas the mere ſcum, the dregs, that ſtaid at home.

Moor. Poor wretches! the old, the decrepid, and the infants!

Schuf. Ay, devil burn 'em! a few ſick wretches too—women in labour, perhaps, or juſt at the down-lying.—Ha! ha! in paſſing one of thoſe little barracks, I heard ſome ſqualling—I peep'd in, and what do you think it was? a child, a ſtout little rogue, that lay on the floor beneath a table, and the flames juſt catching it!—Poor little fellow, ſaid I, you are ſtarving for cold there—and ſo I chuck'd him into the fire!

Moor. Did you ſo, Schufterle? May that fire conſume you, body and ſoul, to all eternity!—Out of my ſight, you monſter!—never be ſeen in my troop again! [*The band begin to murmur.*] What! you murmur, do ye?—Who dares to murmur, when I command?—Out of my ſight, I ſay, Sir!—There are others among you who are ripe for my indignation.—Spiegelberg, I know you—It won't be long ere I call over the roll, and I'll make ſuch a muſter as ſhall make you all tremble. [*They go out much agitated.*

Moor. [*Alone, walking backwards and forwards in great agitation.*] Hear it not, O God of vengeance! Am I to blame for this? Art thou to blame, O Father of Heaven! when the inſtruments of thy wrath, the peſtilence, flood, and famine, overwhelm at once the righteous and the guilty? Who can command the flames to ſtay their courſe, to deſtroy only the noxious vermin, and ſpare the fertile field?—Poor fool! O ſhame! haſt thou then preſumptuouſly dared to wield Jove's thunder, and with thy aimleſs

arm to let the Titan 'ſcape, while the poor pigmy ſuffers.—Go, ſlave! 'tis not for thee to wield the ſword of the Moſt High! Behold thy firſt eſſay! ——Here then I renounce the raſh deſign—hence! let me ſeek ſome cavern of the earth to hide me—to hide my ſhame from the eye of day! [*Is going out.*

Enter ROLLER.

Roller. Take care of yourſelf, Captain—the ſpirits are walking—there are ſeveral troops of Bohemian horſemen patroling all round us—that helliſh Blueſhanks muſt have betrayed us.

Enter GRIMM.

Grimm. Captain, Captain, we are diſcovered, track'd—there's a circle drawn in the foreſt, and ſome thouſands ſurrounding us?

Enter SPIEGELBERG.

Spieg. O Lord! O Lord! O Lord! we are all taken—every man of us hang'd, drawn, and quarter'd!—Ten thouſand Huſſars, Dragoons, and Jaghers, have got to the heights above us, and block'd up all the paſſes. [Moor *exit.*

Enter Switzer, Razman, Schufterle, *and other robbers, from every ſide of the ſtage.*

Switzer. Ha! have we unkennel'd them at laſt? Give you joy, Roller!—It's long ſince I have wiſh'd to have a fair tilting-bout with the regulars.—Where

is the Captain? Is all the band aſſembled? Have we ammunition enough?

Razman. Plenty of that—but we're only eighty in all—not one to twenty!

Switzer. So much the better—thoſe poor dogs are ſhot at for ſixpence—we fight for life and liberty—we'll pour down on them like the deluge—give them a volley like thunder!—Where the devil is our Captain?

Spieg. He deſerts us at this extremity.—Is there no way left for an eſcape?

Switzer. Eſcape! coward, beaſt! may hell choke you for that word! You gape there with your lanthorn jaws, and when you hear a ſhot——Zounds, ſirrah! ſhow your face in the ranks, or you ſhall be ſew'd alive in a ſack, and thrown to the dogs!

Razman. The Captain! the Captain!

Enter MOOR, *with a ſlow pace.*

Moor. [*Apart.*] I have let them be completely ſurrounded—they muſt fight like deſperadoes.——Well, my boys, we're tied to the ſtake—one choice—fight or die!

Switzer. Ha! We'll rip them up alive! Lead us on, Captain, we'll follow you to the gates of hell!

Moor. Load all your muſkets.—Have you powder enough?

Switzer. [*Starting up.*] Powder enough! ay, to blow the earth up to the moon!

Razman. Each of us has five pair of piſtols loaded, and three carbines.

Moor. Well done.—Some of you muſt get upon the trees, and others conceal themſelves in the thickets, and fire upon them in ambuſh.

Switzer. Spiegelberg, that will be your poſt.

Moor. The reſt of us will fall like furies on their flanks.

Switzer. I'll be one, by heavens!

Moor. And every man too muſt ſound his whiſtle, and let ſome gallop through the wood, that our numnumbers may appear the more terrible. We muſt ſet looſe all our dogs, and ſpirit them to fly at the ranks, and throw them into confuſion, that they may run upon our fire.—We three, Roller, Switzer, and I, will fight wherever the main force is.

Enter a COMMISSARY.

Grimm. Ha! here comes one of the blood-hounds of juſtice!

Switzer. Kill him on the ſpot.—Don't let him open his mouth!

Moor. Peace there! I'll hear what he has to ſay.

Commiſſary. With your leave, gentlemen.—I have in my perſon the full authority of juſtice; and there are eight hundred ſoldiers here at hand, who watch over every hair of my head.

Switzer. A very perſuaſive argument to ſtay our ſtomachs.

Moor. Comrade, be quiet! Speak, Sir, and be brief.—What are your commands for us?

Commiſſary. I come, Sir, by authority of that auguſt magiſtrate who decides upon life and death;

—and I have one word for you,—and two for your band.

Moor. Speak it.——[*Reſting upon his ſword.*]

Commiſſary. Abominable wretch!—Are not thoſe curſed hands imbrued in the noble blood of a Count of the empire?—Haſt thou not, with ſacrilegious arm, broke open the ſanctuary of the Lord, and impiouſly carried off the ſacred veſſels? Haſt thou not ſet fire to our moſt upright and ſanctified city, and blown up our powder-magazine over the heads of many pious Chriſtians? [*Claſping his hands.*] Abomination of abominations! The horrible ſavour of thy ſins has aſcended to Heaven, and will bring on the day of judgment before its time, to puniſh ſuch a wicked —damn'd—infernal monſter!——

Moor. A maſterly oration, upon my word!—but now to the point in hand—What did the moſt auguſt magiſtrate pleaſe to inform me of by your mouth?

Commiſſary. What you never will be worthy to receive. Look around you, you horrible incendiary, —as far as your eye can reach, you are ſurrouuded by our horſemen.—No eſcape for you—You may as ſoon expect theſe ſtunted oaks and pines to bear peaches and cherries.

Moor. Hear you that, Switzer? Roller?—But go on, Sir.

Commiſſary. Hear then how merciful, how long-ſuffering is Juſtice to the wicked.—If this very moment you lay down your arms, and humbly entreat for mercy and a mitigation of your puniſhment, then Juſtice will be like an indulgent mother—ſhe will ſhut her eyes on one half of your horrible crimes—

and only condemn you—think well of it,—to be broken alive upon the wheel!

Switzer. Captain, ſhall I cut his throat?

Roller. Hell, fire, and fury! Captain!—How he bites his lip! Shall I cut down this fellow like a cabbage?

Moor. Don't touch him—let none of you dare to lay a finger on him.—Hearken, Sir! [*To the Commiſſary, with a ſolemn tone.*] There are here ſeventy-nine of us, and I, their Captain.—Not a man of us has been taught to trot at a ſignal, or dance to the muſic of artillery; and on your ſide there are eight hundred diſciplined troops, ſtaunch and experienced veterans.—Now, hear me, Sir! hear what Moor ſays, the Captain of theſe incendiaries.—It is true I have aſſaſſinated a Count of the empire.—It is true I have burnt and plundered the church of the Dominicans.—It is true I have ſet fire to your bigotted town, and blown up your powder-magazine.—But I have done more than all that.—Look here, [*holding out his right hand.*] look at theſe four rings of value.—This ruby I drew from the finger of a miniſter whom I cut down at the chace, at his prince's feet. He had built his fortune on the miſeries of his fellow-creatures, and his elevation was Mark'd by the tears of the fatherleſs and the widow.—This diamond I took from a treaſurer-general, who made a traffic of offices of truſt, and ſold honours, the rewards of merit, to the higheſt bidder.—This cornelian I wear in honour of a prieſt whom I ſtrangled with my own hand, for his moſt pious and paſſionate lamentation over the fall of the Inquiſition.—I could

expatiate at large, Sir, on the hiſtory of theſe rings, if I did not repent already that I have waſted words on a man unworthy to hear me.

Commiſſary. Is there ſo much pride in a vile felon?

Moor. Stop, Sir.—I ſhall now talk with ſome pride to you!—Go, tell your moſt auguſt magiſtrate—he that throws the dice on life and death—tell him, I am none of thoſe banditti who are in compact with ſleep, and with the midnight hour—I ſcale no walls in the dark, and force no bolts to plunder.—What I have done ſhall be engraven in that book where all the actions of mankind are recorded—in heaven's eternal regiſter:—But with you, poor miniſter's of earthly juſtice, I hold no further communing.—Tell your maſter, that my trade is the *lex talionis;* Like for like:—Vengeance is my trade! (*He turns his back upon him with contempt.*)

Commiſſary. Do you refuſe then to hearken to the voice of mercy?—If that is the caſe, I have done with you. (*Turns to the band.*) Hear, you fellows,—hear the mouth of juſtice!—If you immediately deliver up to me this condemned malefactor, you ſhall have a full pardon—even the remembrance of your crimes ſhall be blotted out—our holy mother Church will open her boſom to receive you, like the ſtrayed ſheep of the flock—you ſhall be purified in the waters of regeneration, the road of ſalvation ſhall be open to you, and every one of you ſhall get—poſts and places!—Here—read with your own eyes—here is a general pardon—ſigned and ſealed—[*He gives Switzer a paper with an air of triumph.*]—Well, how

does your honour like that?—Come, courage! bind your leader hand and foot—and be free men!

Moor. Do you hear that, my friends?—hear you that? Why ſtand you thus in amaze?—What ſtops you? How can you heſitate?—You are already priſoners, and you have an offer of your liberty—You are already under ſentence of death, and you have an offer of your lives—You are promiſed honours, places, and emoluments—and what can you gain, even if you conquer, but execration, infamy, and perſecution—You have the grace of heaven offer'd to you, and at preſent you are in a ſtate of reprobation—Not a hair of your heads but muſt blaze in everlaſting flames!—How now, ſtill in doubt? Is it ſo difficult to make a choice between heaven and hell?—Help me to perſuade them, Mr. Commiſſary.

Commiſſary. What can be that devil's name that ſpeaks out of his mouth?—he makes me all quiver.

Moor. What! have you no anſwer? Do you hope to gain your liberty by your ſwords? Look around you—look well, my friends—'tis impoſſible to think ſo—'twere to think like children, if you did.—Perhaps you flatter yourſelves with an honourable death, that you'll fight like men, and die like heroes—You think ſo, becauſe you have ſeen *Moor* exult in a ſcene of carnage and of horror—O, never dream it—there's none of you a *Moor*—you are a ſet of miſerable thieves—poor inſtruments of my great deſigns—deſpicable as the rope in the hands of the hangman!—No, no—a thief cannot die like a hero—a thief may be allowed to quake at the ſight of death.—Hark, how thoſe trumpets echo through the foreſt!

See there, how their ſabres gleam! What! ſtill irreſolute? Are you mad?—Do you think I thank you for my life? Not at all—I diſdain the ſacrifice you are making! [*The ſound of warlike inſtruments is heard.*]

Commiſſary. [*In aſtoniſhment.*] This is beyond belief—never ſaw any thing like it—I muſt make off!—

Moor. You are afraid, perhaps, that I will put myſelf to death, and that, as the bargain is to deliver me alive, that may break it.—No, my friends, *that* you have no reaſon to fear.—See, there is my dagger, my piſtols, and, what I have always carried with me,—my poiſon!—[*Throws them away.*] What! not determin'd yet?—But perhaps you think I ſhall ſtruggle when you ſeize me.—Look here—I tie my right hand to this branch of an oak!—Now I am quit defenceleſs—a child might take me.—Now come on! who will be the firſt to betray his Captain?

Roller. [*With a frantic geſture.*] Ay, if all hell ſhould open! Who is the ſcoundrel that will betray his Captain*?

[*Switzer.* [*Tears the pardon in pieces, and throws it in the Commiſſary's face.*] There! Our pardon is at the mouth of our muſkets.—Tell your magiſtrate, that you have not found one traitor in all our company.—Huzza! Save the Captain! Huzza! Save the Captain!

All. Save the Captain! Save him! Save our noble Captain!

* GERM. *Wer hund kein iſt rette den Hauptman.* He who is not a dog, let him ſave his Captain.

Moor. [*Untwiſting his hand from the tree, and in a tranſport of joy.*] Now my brave lads—Now we are free indeed.—I have a whole hoſt in this ſingle arm.—Death, or liberty! We ſhall not leave a man of them alive! [*They ſound the charge with great noiſe, and exeunt ſword in hand.*]

End of ACT SECOND.

ACT III.

Scene—A Garden.

AMELIA, *ſitting in a penſive attitude. Enter* FRANCIS, *both of them in deep mourning.*

Francis.

WHAT, ſtill here, my little obſtinate enthuſiaſt? You ſtole away from our entertainment.—My gueſts were in charming ſpirits, but you diſturbed all our mirth.

Amelia. Shame on ſuch mirth! When your father's funeral dirge is yet ſounding in your ears.

Francis. What, ſtill ſorrowing? Will thoſe pretty eyes never be dry?—Come, let the dead ſleep in their graves,—and be the joy of the living.—I am juſt come——

Amelia. And when do you depart?

Francis. Fy now! Why that haughty, that ſevere countenance? You diſtreſs me much, Amelia.—I come to inform you——

Amelia. —What I know already,—that Francis de Moor is now the Lord and maſter.—

Francis. Preciſely ſo.—It was upon that ſubject I wanted to talk with you.—Maximilian de Moor is

gone to ſleep with his fathers —I am now the lord of theſe domains, and all that they contain.—Pardon me, Amelia: I wiſh to *be* the lord of *all*.—You know that you were properly a part of our family.—You know, my father regarded you as his own child:—You have not forgot him, Amelia:—You never will forget him.

Amelia. Never, Sir!—Never!—No banquet, no mirth and revelry, ſhall baniſh his idea from my mind.

Francis. Pious affection! But what you owed to the father, the ſon ſure now may claim;—and Charles being dead.—Ha! You are ſurprized! overwhelmed! are you not? Ay truly, ſo flattering a thought, a proſpect ſo brilliant, and that ſo ſuddenly preſented to your mind, was too much even for woman's pride.—That Francis de Moor ſhould ſpurn the proud ambition of the nobleſt families, and offer at the feet of a poor orphan, deſtitute and helpleſs, his heart, his hand, his wealth, theſe caſtles and domains!—He, whom all envy, all fear, declare himſelf Amelia's voluntary ſlave!——

Amelia. Why does the thunder ſleep—nor cleave that impious tongue? Curs'd wretch! my Charles's murderer! and thou hopeſt to be the huſband of Amelia? Thou!

Francis. Leſs heat, my Princeſs!—Not quite ſo high a tone!—Think not you have a lover who will bow at a diſtance, and ſigh, and coo, and woo you like a Celadon.—No; Francis de Moor has not learnt, like the Arcadian ſwains, to breathe his amorous plaints to the caves, and rocks, and echoes.—

He ſpeaks;—and when he is not anſwered—he commands.—

Amelia. Worm! Reptile! Thou command!—Command me? And if I laugh to ſcorn your commands, what then?

Francis. A cloiſter, and impriſonment.—I know how to tame, to break that proud ſpirit.——

Amelia. Ha! excellent!—Welcome the cloiſter and impriſonment, that hides me from the glances of that baſiliſk.—There I ſhall be free to think of Charles, to dwell on that dear image.—Away, away! haſte to that bleſt abode!

Francis. Is it ſo then?—Thanks for that inſtruction.—Now I have learnt the art to gall you.—This head, armed like another fury with her ſnakes, ſhall fright your Charles from your heart. The horrible Francis ſhall lurk behind the picture of your lover, like the hound of hell. I will drag you by thoſe locks to the altar, and, with my dagger, force from your quivering heart the nuptial oath.——

Amelia. [*Strikes him.*] Take this love-token firſt.

Francis. Ha! tenfold, and twice tenfold, ſhall be my vengeance. My wife! No;—that honour you never ſhall enjoy.—You ſhall be my wench, my paramour.—The honeſt peaſant's wife ſhall point at you,—ſhall hoot you as you paſs.—Ay, grind your teeth!—and ſcatter fire and murder from thoſe eyes. A woman's fury is my joy, my paſtime;—'tis my heart's delight to ſee her thus!—Theſe ſtruggles ſhall enhance my triumph.—How ſweet is enjoyment

when thus forced, thus raviſhed.—Come to the altar, this inſtant come. [*Endeavours to force her.*]

Amelia. [*Throwing herſelf about his neck.*] Pardon me, Francis. [*When going to take her in his arms, ſhe draws out his ſword, and ſteps back a few paces.*] See'ſt thou now, villain, what I can do?—I am a woman,—but a woman when in fury—Dare to come near me,—and this ſteel, my uncle's hand ſhall guide it to thy heart.—Fly me this inſtant!—[*She purſues him out with the ſword.*] Ah! Now I am at eaſe! I can breathe again.—I felt a tyger's rage—the mettled courſer's ſtrength.—To a cloiſter, did he ſay? thanks for that bleſſed thought! Love, forlorn and hopleſs love, finds there a kind retreat!—The grave of buried love!— [*Exit.*

SCENE.

The Banks of the Danube.

The Robbers ſtationed on a height, while their horſes are graſing on the declivity below.

Moor. I muſt reſt here. [*He throws himſelf on the ground.*] My joints are ſhook aſunder:—my tongue cleaves to my mouth,—dry as a potſherd,—I would beg of ſome of you to fetch me a little water in the hollow of your hand from yonder brook, but you are all weary to death. [*While he is ſpeaking, Switzer goes out unperceived, to fetch him ſome water.*]

Grimm. Our wine-cantines are empty long ago.—How glorious, how majeſtic, yonder ſetting ſun!

Moor. [*Loſt in contemplation.*] 'Tis thus the hero falls!—'tis thus he dies,—in godlike majeſty!

Grimm. The ſight affects you, Sir!

Moor. When I was yet a boy,—a mere child,—it was my favourite thought,—my wiſh to live like him! [*Pointing to the ſun.*] Like him to die. [*Suppreſſing his anguiſh.*] 'Twas an idle thought, a boy's conceit!——

Grimm. It was ſo.

Moor. [*Pulling his hat over his eyes.*] There was a time.—Leave me, my friends—alone——

Grimm. Moor! Moor! 'Sdeath! How his countenance changes!——

Razman. Zounds! what is the matter with him? Is he ill?

Moor. There was a time, when I could not go to ſleep, if I had forgot my prayers!——

Grimm. Have you loſt your ſenſes? What! yet a ſchool boy!—'Twere fit indeed ſuch thoughts ſhould vex you!

Moor. [*Reſting his head on Grimm's boſom.*] Brother! Brother!

Grimm. Come, come—be not a child, I beg it of you—

Moor. A child! Oh that I were a child once more!

Grimm. Fy, fy! clear up that cloudy brow! Look yonder, what a landſkip! what a lovely evening!

Moor. Ah, my friend! that ſcene ſo noble! this world ſo beautiful!

Grimm. Why, that's talking like a man.

Moor. This earth ſo grand!

Grimm. Well ſaid!—That's what I like!

Moor. And I ſo hideous in this world of beauty, and I a monſter on this magnificent earth—the prodigal ſon!

Grimm. [*Affectionately.*] Moor! Moor!

Moor. My innocence! O my innocence!—See how all nature expands at the ſweet breath of ſpring. O God! that this paradiſe—this heaven, ſhould be a hell to me!—When all is happineſs—all in the ſweet ſpirit of peace—the world one family—and its Father there above!—who is not my father!—I alone the outcaſt—the prodigal ſon!—Of all the children of his mercy, I alone rejected. [*Starting back with horror.*] The companion of murderers—of viperous fiends—bound down, enchained to guilt and horror!

Razman. 'Tis inconceivable! I never ſaw him thus moved before.

Moor. [*With great emotion.*] Oh! that I could return once more into the womb that bare me! that I hung an infant on the breaſt! that I were born a beggar—the meaneſt hind—a peaſant of the field! I would toil till the ſweat of blood dropt from my brow, to purchaſe the luxury of one ſound ſleep, the rapture of a ſingle tear!

Grimm. [*To the reſt.*] Peace, O peace!—the paroxiſm will ſoon be over.

Moor. There was a time when I could weep with eaſe,—O days of bliſs!—Manſion of my fathers! O vales ſo green, ſo beautiful! ſcenes of my infant years, enjoy'd by fond enthuſiaſm! will you no

more return? no more exhale your ſweets to cool this burning boſom!—Oh never, never ſhall they return—no more refreſh this boſom with the breath of peace. They are gone! gone for ever!

Enter SWITZER, *with water in his hat.*

Switzer. Captain, here drink! water freſh and cool as ice.—

Grimm. What is the matter, Switzer?—you are bleeding.

Switzer. Matter? a mere joke—a trifling accident, that might have coſt me only my neck and a couple of legs.—I was going trotting along a ſteep bank of the river on the brow of yonder declivity—'Tis all ſand, you know—Plump, in a moment, down goes the bank under my feet, and I made a clever tumble of ten good Rheniſh yards at the leaſt—there I lay for a while like a log, and when I came to my ſenſes, I found myſelf ſafe on the gravel, and fine freſh water juſt at my hand.—Poh! not a bad caper, ſaid I, ſince I've got my Captain a drink by it!

Moor. [*Gives back the hat to Switzer, and wipes his face.*] Why, you're all ſo beſmeared, one can't ſee the cuts you got from the Bohemian dragoons.—Your water was very good, Switzer.—Theſe cuts become you, man!

Switzer. Poh! There's room enough for twenty more of 'em.

Moor. Ay, my boys—it was a hot day's work—and only one friend loſt.—Poor Roller! he had a glorious death! If he had died in any cauſe but ours,

he'd had a marble monument!—Let this ſuffice—this tear from a man's cheek! [*He wipes his eyes.*] Do you remember how many of our enemies were left dead on the field.

Switzer. Sixty Huſſars—ninety-three dragoons, and about forty light horſe—in all, two hundred!

Moor. Two hundred for one man!—Every one of you has his claims upon this head. [*He takes off his hat.*] Here I lift this poniard—ſo may my ſoul find life or death eternal, as I keep faith with you!

Switzer. Don't ſwear! you don't know, if good fortune ſhould once more ſmile upon you, but repentance——

Moor. No! by the ghoſt of Roller! I never will forſake you!

Enter KOZINSKI.

Kozinſki. They told me I ſhould find him ſomewhere hereabout.—Ha! halloa!—What faces are theſe?—Should they be—if theſe were the men—yes, they are—I'll ſpeak to them.

Grimm. Have a care! Who goes there?

Kozinſki. Gentlemen, excuſe me—I don't know if I am right or not.

Moor. Suppoſe right.—Whom do you take us for?

Kozinſki. For men!

Switzer. Have we ſhewn ourſelves to be ſo, Captain.

Kozinſki. I ſeek for men who can look death in the face—who can play with danger as with a tamed ſnake

—who prize liberty above life and fame—whoſe names ſpeak comfort to the oppreſs'd, who can appal the bold, and make the tyrant ſhudder!

Switzer. [*To the Captain.*] I like this fellow.—Hear me, good friend! you have found the men you want.

Kozinſki. I think ſo,—and hope I ſhall be anon their fellow. You can point me out the man I look for,—'tis your Captain, the great Count de Moor.

Switzer. [*Gives him his hand cordially.*] We are brothers, my boy!

Moor. Would you know this Captain?

Kozinſki. Thou art he!—in thoſe features—that air. Who could look at you, and not diſcover it?—[*Looking earneſtly at him for a long time.*] It has been long my wiſh to ſee that man, whoſe countenance ſpoke terrors,—whoſe eye could not be borne; 'twas he who ſat on the ruins of Carthage. Now my wiſh is ſatisfied!

Switzer. A fine mettled fellow!

Moor. And who ſent you to me?

Kozinſki. O Captain!—Fate, the cruelleſt fate! I have been ſhipwreck'd on the ſtormy ocean of the world. I have ſeen my fondeſt hopes evaporate in air,—and nought remain but the bitter recollection of diſappointment;—a recollection that would drive me to madneſs, if I ſought not to drown it, in feeding this reſtleſs, this impetuous ſpirit with new objects of purſuit.

Moor. Here is another of heaven's outcaſts.—Go on.

Kozinſki. I have been a ſoldier, and in that ſtation unfortunate :—I embarked for the Indies ;—my veſſel went to pieces in a ſtorm ;—all my projects failed :—At laſt, I heard of the fame of your great exploits,—aſſaſſinations, as they term them ;—and I have made a journey of forty miles in the firm reſolution of offering you my ſervices, if you deign to accept of them.—I intreat you, noble Captain, refuſe not my requeſt.

Switzer. [*Leaping with joy.*] Huzza boys! Roller again, a thouſand times over! A noble fellow for our troop!

Moor. What is your name?

Kozinſki. Kozinſki.

Moor. What! Kozinſki? Let me tell you, you are a light-headed young fellow, and that you are ready to take the moſt deciſive ſtep in life with no more conſideration than a thoughtleſs girl. Here there's no game at bowls, no tennis-play, as you may perhaps imagine.

Kozinſki. I underſtand you, Sir—But you miſtake me. 'Tis true—I am but four-and-twenty—but I have ſeen the claſhing of ſwords, and heard the balls whiſtle before now.

Moor. Have you ſo, young maſter? And have you learn'd the uſe of arms for no other purpoſe than to kill a poor traveller for a few dollars, or knock down women behind their backs? Go, go, you have run away from your nurſe, child, who has threaten'd to whip you.

Switzer. What the devil, Captain! What do you mean? Would you diſmiſs this Hercules, this

glorious fellow, whoſe very look would ſcare Julius Cæſar into a coal-hole?

Moor. And ſo when your wrong-headed ſchemes miſgave, you thought you would go ſeek for an aſſaſſin. You would become an aſſaſſin yourſelf.—'Sdeath, young man. Do you know what that word means? You may perhaps ſleep ſound, after beheading a few *poppies*—but to carry a murder on your ſoul——

Kozinſki. I'll anſwer for all the murders that you ſhall give me in charge.

Moor. What! are you ſo clever, then—would you take one in by cajoling ſpeech?—How know you whether I may n't have my bad dreams—whether I ſha'nt flinch when I come to my death-bed?—How many things have you done, for which you thought you had to anſwer on account?

Kozinſki. Why, truly not much, except this laſt journey to you, my Noble Count.

Moor. Has your tutor been amuſing you with the hiſtory of Robin Hood?—Such ſenſeleſs ſcoundrels ſhould be ſent to the galleys.—And thus you have heated your childiſh imagination with the conceit of being a great man. Do you thirſt for fame? for honour? Would you buy immortality by murders? Mark me well, young man! no laurel ſprings for the aſſaſſin—no triumph waits the victories of the robber—but curſes, dangers, death, diſgrace!—Seeſt thou yon gibbet on the ſide of the hill?

Spieg. [*Walking about in a huff.*] What an aſs! blockhead; abominable, ſtupid aſs! Is that the way? I would have ſet about it in another manner.

Kozinſki. What ſhall he fear, who does not fear death?

Moor. Bravo! well ſaid! you have been a clever youth at ſchool—you have got your Seneca by heart moſt perfectly. But, my good friend, with thoſe fine ſentences you will not lull to ſleep the ſufferings of nature—they will avail you nought againſt the ſharp tooth of anguiſh.—Think well, young man, [*he takes him by the hand,*] think on the ſtep you are going to take—I adviſe you as a parent—ſound firſt the depth of the precipice, before you dare to leap it.—If in this world you can yet catch a ſingle glimpſe of joy—there may be moments when you would awake—and then—it were too late.—Here thou withdraw'ſt thyſelf at once from the circle of humanity.—*Man* thou muſt be, or *devil.*—Once more then, my ſon, let me intreat—if one ſpark of hope lurks in your boſom, fly this dreadful aſſociation.—You may deceive yourſelf, impoſe on your own mind—and take perhaps for fire, for ſpirit, what in reality is deſpair.—Take my counſel—retreat—fly, while it is yet time.

Kozinſki. No! never will I fly.—If you refuſe my entreaty, hear at leaſt the real ſtory of my misfortunes.—Yourſelf will then put a dagger into my hand—you will.—But ſit down here a moment, and liſten to me with attention.

Moor. I'll hear you.

Kozinſki. Know, then, I am a gentleman of Bohemia.—By the ſudden death of my father, I became maſter of a conſiderable eſtate.—In the neighbourhood—a paradiſe to me, there dwelt an angel—a young lady, beautiful beyond expreſſion—and chaſte

as the light of heaven.—But why ſpeak thus to you, who cannot comprehend me—You never loved! you never were belov'd!

Switzer. Softly, Softly!—How our Captain reddens!

Moor. Have done!—I'll hear you another time—to-morrow—another time—when I have ſeen blood!—

Kozinſki. Blood, blood!—Only hear me, Sir! your ſoul ſhall be ſatiated with blood.——She was of plebeian birth, a German—but ſuch her air and look as to diſpel thoſe mean prejudices.—With ſweet reſerve, and the moſt amiable modeſty, ſhe had accepted a ring from my hand, as a pledge of the ſincerity of my vows, and the next day I was to have led my Amelia to the altar!—[*Moor riſes up.*] While in this ſtate of rapturous bliſs, and in the midſt of the preparations for our nuptials, I was called to court by an expreſs order.—I went—They produced letters to me of the moſt treaſonable nature, which it was alleged I had written.—I bluſhed at the baſe imputation.—My ſword was inſtantly taken from me, and I was hurried to a dungeon, where for ſome time my ſenſes entirely forſook me.

Switzer. And notwithſtanding—Well, go on.—I ſee what muſt follow*.

Kozinſki. Here I remained a tedious month, and knew not the extent of my misfortune.—I ſuffered

* Germ. *Ich rieche den braten ſchon.* I ſmell the roaſt already.

the moſt extreme anxiety for my Amelia, to whom I knew that my impriſonment would give the deepeſt affliction.—At length I had a viſit from the firſt miniſter, who was pleaſed to congratulate me on the full proof of my innocence, and, with many flattering compliments, he read me the warrant for my releaſe, and gave me back my ſword. I flew in triumph to my country-ſeat, to claſp my lov'd Amelia in my arms —She was gone—ſhe had been carried off in the middle of the night, and none could tell where—no creature had ſeen, or could give any account of her. —This was a thunderſtroke—I flew to town—made inquiry at court.—Every body's eyes were fixed upon me—but none could give me the leaſt intelligence.— At laſt, through a grated window of the palace, I diſcovered my Amelia—ſhe contrived to throw me a— letter——

Switzer. Did n't I ſay ſo?

Kozinſki. Death and fire! Thus ſtood the caſe— 'Twas given her in choice, either to ſee her lover die, or to become the Prince's miſtreſs.—She decided the conteſt between love and honour, [*ſmiling,*]—by ſaving me!

Switzer. Well—what did you do then?

Kozinſki. I remained fix'd to the ſpot, as if I had been ſtruck with lightning.—Blood was my firſt thought! blood my laſt!—I foam'd at the mouth, like a tyger—ſeizing a three-edged ſword, I ran furiouſly to the palace of the miniſter—he had been the infamous pander.—They had perceived me while in the ſtreet; for, when I got in, I found all the apartments locked.—In anſwer to my eager enquiries, I

was told he was gone to wait on the Prince.—Thither I flew directly—he was not to be found.—I return'd once more to his houſe, forc'd open the door of his apartment, and there found the baſe wretch—but at the very moment five or ſix of his domeſtics beſet me at once, and took my ſword from me.

Switzer. [*Stamps with his feet.*] And was nothing done to the wretch?—no vengeance?—

Kozinſki. I was immediately thrown in irons—brought to trial—condemn'd—and mark me now—by a ſingular exertion of lenity—baniſh'd as a malefactor from the Prince's dominions for ever—my whole fortune confiſcated to the miniſter.—Amelia, poor Amelia, remains as a lamb within the tyger's graſp,—and I muſt bend ſubmiſſive to the yoke of deſpotiſm.——

Switzer. [*Riſes, and whets his ſword.*] Captain! this is ſomething to work upon—this muſt ſet us a going*.———

Moor. [*Who had been walking about in great agitation, ſtops all at once.*] I muſt ſee her once more—come along—riſe there.—Kozinſki, thou remain'ſt with us.—Quick—prepare to ſet out this moment!—

The Robbers. Where?—What now?——

Moor. Where!—Who is it that aſks where? [*To Switzer.*] Traitor, I know you want to keep me back. But, by the hope of heaven! if——

* GERM. *Das iſt waſſer aus unſere muhle.* This is water to our mills.

Switzer. Traitor! I a traitor?—Lead on to hell, and I'll follow you!——

Moor. [*Falls on his neck.*] Yes, brother! I know you will.—She ſuffers in anguiſh and deſpair—that is enough.—Come, my brave boys!—Courage. To Franconia we go!—there we muſt be within eight days. [*Exeunt.*

End of the THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE, *A Gallery in the Caſtle of Moor.*

CHARLES DE MOOR *in diſguiſe, under the name of* COUNT DE BRAUND, *and* AMELIA *looking at a picture in the apartment,—the habit of a nun lying on the table.*

MOOR. [*With emotion.*]

HE was a moſt excellent man!

Amelia. You appear, Sir, to take a great intereſt in that picture.

Moor. [*Still looking earneſtly at the picture.*] A moſt excellent—a moſt worthy man!—And is he now no more?

Amelia. No more.—Thus every joy of life muſt vaniſh. [*Takes his hand affectionately.*] Count! All ſublunary bliſs is vain!

Moor. 'Tis even ſo! moſt true! Can you have proved that truth already?—you, who ſcarcely yet have ſeen your twentieth year?

Amelia. Yes, I have proved it!—We are called into life, only to die in ſorrow.—We gain a little, that we may loſe it with tears;—we engage our hearts—only that thoſe hearts may break!—

Moor. What! have you already loſt ſo much?

Amelia. Nothing!—all!—nothing!

Moor. And would you learn forgetfulneſs in that holy garb that lies there?

Amelia. To-morrow I hope to do ſo——Shall we continue our walk, Sir?

Moor. So ſoon? Whoſe picture is that on the *right* hand? He has, methinks, a countenance that beſpeaks misfortune.——

Amelia. The picture on the *left* is the Count's ſon—he who is now maſter here.

Moor. His only ſon?

Amelia. Come, come away——

Moor. But whoſe is that picture on the *right* hand?

Amelia. Won't you walk into the garden? Come—

Moor. But that picture on the *right* hand?—You are in tears, Amelia? [*Amelia goes out with precipitation.*]

MOOR *alone.*

She loves me! loves me ſtill!—Her tears betray her! Yes, ſhe loves me!————Oh heavens! Is that the couch on which we ſo oft have ſat—where I have hung in rapture on her neck? Are theſe my father's halls?—O days of bliſs for ever paſt!—for

ever! Ah! How the dear remembrance of thoſe days ſhoots through my ſoul, like the firſt burſt of ſpring!—O wretch! here ſhould have been my happy reſidence—here ſhouldſt thou have paſs'd thy days—honoured, reſpected, loved—here ſhouldſt thou have ſeen the years of thy bleſt infancy revive in the blooming offspring of thy Amelia—here received the willing homage of thy happy dependants.—No more! —I muſt return—return to miſery!—Farewell, dear manſion! my father's houſe!—ſcenes that have ſeen me in my years of childhood, when my free boſom beat with rapture—that have ſeen me this day miſerable—in deſpair! [*Walks towards the door, and then ſuddenly ſtops.*] Shall I never behold her more? —not for a laſt adieu!—no more kiſs thoſe dear lips!—Yes, I will ſee her once more—once more enfold her in my arms—were I to die for it.—I muſt have one greedy draught of the poiſon of delight —and then I go as far as ocean—and deſpair ſhall bear me! [*Exit.*

SCENE.

A Chamber in the Caſtle.

F. de Moor. [*In a deep reverie.*] Begone, thou horrible image! begone!—What a coward I am! —What art thou afraid of?—Whom?—Does not this Count, this ſtranger, ſeem a ſpy of hell, to dog me at the heels?—Methinks I ſhould know him.— There is ſomething great—ſomething, methinks, that I have ſeen before—in thoſe wild and ſunburnt fea-

tures:—Something that makes me tremble! [*He walks about for ſome time, and then rings the bell.*] Who's there?——Francis, take care!—ſomething lurks there for thy perdition!

Enter DANIEL.

Daniel. What are your commands, Sir?

Francis. [*Looking ſtedfaſtly at him for a conſiderable time.*] Nothing.—Begone! Fill me ſome wine there—but quick. [*Exit* Daniel.

Francis. No matter—the raſcal will confeſs all, if I put him to the torture.—I'll penetrate him with a look ſo dreadful, that his conſcience ſhall betray him. [*He ſtops before a portrait of Charles, and examines it.*] That long crane's neck!—thoſe dark, lowering eyebrows!—that eye that ſhoots fire! [*Shuddering.*] All-blaſting hell! is it thy preſentiment?—'Tis he! it muſt be Charles himſelf!

Enter DANIEL, *with a cup of wine.*

Put it down there.—Look at me—ſtedfaſtly!—What, your knees are ſhaking!—you tremble! confeſs, Sir!—What have you done?

Daniel. Nothing—as I hope for mercy!——

Francis. Drink off that wine.—What,—do you heſitate? Speak!—quick!—What have you put in that wine?——

Daniel. So help me, God!—nothing!——

Francis. You have put poiſon in the wine!—Are you not as pale as aſhes?—Confeſs, wretch, confeſs!—Who gave it you?—Was it not the Count—the count who gave it you?

Daniel. The Count! Almighty God! the Count has given me nothing!

Francis. [*Taking hold of him.*] I'll gripe you black in the face, liar! old hoary traitor! Nothing?—Why then were you ſo often together?—you and he—and Amelia?—What were you whiſpering of?—Have I not ſeen her bold, her ſhameleſs glances at him? ſhe who affected ſuch a modeſt air!—Did I not obſerve her, when by ſtealth ſhe dropp'd a tear into his wine—and how he ſwallowed it with ſuch avidity!—I perceived it—in the glaſs I ſaw it—with theſe eyes I ſaw it.

Daniel. God knows! I know not a ſingle ſyllable of all that.

Francis. Will you deny it?—give me the lie to my face? What plots, what machinations, have you deviſed to get rid of me?—To ſmother me in my ſleep? to cut my throat?—to poiſon me in my drink—drug my meals? Confeſs it, wretch!—confeſs it this inſtant!—I know it all.——

Daniel. As the living God ſhall ſave me—nothing have I ſaid but the truth!

Francis. Well then—This once I forgive you.—But I know he has given you money.—Did not he ſqueeze your hand?—Yes, harder than uſual—like an old acquaintance?——

Daniel. Never, indeed, Sir!

Francis. For example—didn't he ſay that he knew you well—that perhaps you might know him—that one day you might diſcover.—How? didn't he ſay ſomething of that kind?

Daniel. Not a word of it, Sir.

Francis. That he would be revenged?—horribly revenged?

Daniel. Not a ſyllable!

Francis. What! Not a ſyllable?—Recollect yourſelf.—Have you forgot that he ſaid he knew your late maſter well—very particularly well—that he loved him much—loved him as a ſon loves a father?—

Daniel. I do remember—I think I heard him ſay ſomething of that kind.

Francis. [*Alarm'd.*] Did he ſay it?—ſay thoſe words?—did he ſay he was my brother?—

Daniel. No, he did not ſay that.—But when Miſs Amelia was walking with him in the gallery—I was liſtening at the door—he ſtopp'd before my late maſter's picture, as if he had been thunderſtruck—and Miſs Amelia pointed to the picture, and ſaid, He was an excellent man.—Yes, ſaid he, "moſt "excellent;" and he wiped his eyes when he ſaid it.

Francis. Go! quick! Call Herman hither! [*Exit* Daniel.

'Tis clear as day!—'Tis Charles!—He will now come, and imperiouſly aſk—Where is my inheritance?——And is it for this that I have loſt my ſleep—moved heaven and earth for this! ſtifled the cries of nature in my breaſt—and now, when the re-

ward ſhould come—this vagabond, this beggar, ſteps between, and with his horrid hand tears all this fine-ſpun web.—Softly—'Tis but a ſtep—an eaſy one—a little murder!—None but a driveller would leave his work imperfect—or idly look on till time ſhould finiſh it.——

Enter HERMAN.

Francis. Ha! Welcome, my Eurypylus—my prompt, my active inſtrument!

Herman. [*Abruptly, and with rudeneſs.*] What did you want with me, Count?

Francis. That you ſhould give the finiſhing ſtroke to your work—put the ſeal to it.——

Herman. Really?

Francis. Give the picture the laſt touch.

Herman. Poh!

Francis. Shall I call the carriage! we'll talk over that at our airing?

Herman. Leſs ceremony, Sir, if you pleaſe.—All the buſineſs that you and I have to ſettle to-day, may be done within the four walls of this apartment.—Meantime, a word or two with you by way of preface, which may perhaps ſave your breath in our after-communing.

Francis. [*Reſervedly.*] Hm! And what may thoſe words be?

Herman. [*With a malignant tone of irony.*] "Thou "ſhalt have Amelia, I ſay—and from my hand."

Francis. [*With aſtoniſhment.*] Herman!

Herman. [*In the ſame tone of irony, and turning his back upon him.*] "Amelia has loſt every ſupport, "and is the play-thing of my will.—Then you may "eaſily gueſs what follows—in ſhort all goes to a "wiſh." [*With an indignant laugh, and then haughtily to Francis.*] Now, Count de Moor, what have you to ſay to me?

Francis. [*Evaſively.*] To you? nothing—I had ſomething to ſay to Herman.

Herman. A truce with ſhuffling—Why was I ſent for hither?—Was it to be a ſecond time your fool? To hold the ladder for a thief to mount—to ſell my ſoul, to catch a hangman's fee? What elſe did you want with me?

Francis. Ha! by the way, [*as if recollecting.*] we muſt not forget the main point—Did not my valet de chambre mention it to you—I wanted to talk with you about the dowry?——

Herman. Sir, this is bantering—or worſe.—Moor, take care of yourſelf—beware how you kindle my fury.—Moor, we are here alone—my name is at ſtake againſt yours.—Truſt not the devil, though you have raiſed him yourſelf.

Francis. [*Affecting a haughty air.*] Is it thus, Sir, you ſpeak to your maſter?—Tremble, ſlave!

Herman. [*Ironically.*] For fear of loſing your favour? a mighty loſs—to one who is at war with himſelf.—Moor, I abhor you for a villain—don't make me laugh at you for a fool too—I can open tombs! and raiſe the dead to life!—Which of us two is *now* the ſlave?

Francis. [*Smoothly.*] Come, my good friend, be politic—ſhow yourſelf a man of ſenſe—don't be falſe to your word.——

Herman. To deteſt a wretch like you is the beſt policy.—to keep faith with you would be an utter want of ſenſe.—Faith with whom? with the father of lies—the arch-impoſtor!—Oh! ſuch faith makes me ſhudder!—Treaſon is virtue here—and perfidy a ſaint-like quality.—But ſtay a little—patience!—vengeance is cunning.

Francis. Oh! by the by—what a fool I was to forget! Didn't you loſe a purſe lately in this room? a hundred louis waſn't it? Hah! I had almoſt forgot that.—Here, my good friend, take what's your own. [*Offers him a purſe.*]

Herman. [*Throws it from him with contempt.*] Curſe on your Judas bribe—the earneſt of damnation!—You thought to make my poverty a pandar to my conſcience!—But there you are foil'd, Sir, thrown out entirely.—Another purſe of gold you know of may help to maintain *certain* folks—to furniſh ſuſtenance for——

Francis. [*With a countenance expreſſive of fear.*] Herman, Herman! don't make me think you a traitor.—Were you to make any other uſe of that money than you *ought* to do—you were the vileſt of traitors.

Herman. [*Triumphantly.*] Ay truly! ſay you ſo? then know, Count Moor—I will enhance your ſhame—double your maſs of infamy—I will prepare a banquet for you, where the whole world ſhall be the

gueſts!—You underſtand me now, Sir—my moſt revered, moſt gracious maſter!

Francis. [*Quite diſconcerted.*] Ha! devil! Curſt impoſtor! [*Striking his forehead.*] Beaſt that I was, to ſtake my fortune on a fool's caprice! 'Twas brutiſh?——

Herman. Whew!— O 'twas ſhrewd—'twas cunning!

Francis. [*Biting his lip.*] Moſt true—and ever will be true—there is no thread ſo feebly ſpun, as that which weaves the bands of guilt!

Herman. Ha! what now? are angels now degraded, and the devils turn'd moraliſts?

Francis. [*Starts off abruptly, and with a malignant ſmile.*] And *certain* folks will have much honour to be ſure in their conduct.——

Herman. [*Clapping his hands.*] Bravo! inimitable—You play your part to admiration—You draw the poor fool into the ſnare—then wo be on his head, if he attempts to eſcape—O cunning fiend!—And yet, [*Clapping him on the ſhoulder.*] Sir Count! You have not got your leſſon yet quite perfect.—By heavens, you muſt firſt know how far the loſing gameſter will venture.—Set fire to the powder-room, ſays the pirate, and blow all to hell—both friend and foe!

Francis. [*Goes to take down a piſtol from the wall*] Here's treaſon—deliberate—

Herman. [*Draws out a large piſtol from his pocket, and takes aim.*] Don't give yourſelf ſo much trouble—One's prepared for all events with you.

Francis. [*Lets fall his piſtol, and throws himſelf back in a chair in great confuſion*] Keep my ſecret—at leaſt till—I—collect my thoughts.

Herman. Yes—till you have hired a dozen aſſaſſins to ſeal my mouth for ever—But heark'ee, [*in his ear.*] the ſecret is contained in a certain paper which my heirs will open. [*Exit.*

Francis. [*Alone.*] What was that, Francis? Where was your courage? Your preſence of mind, that us'd to be ſo prompt?—Betray'd by my own inſtruments!—The props of my good luck begin to totter—the mound is broken—and all will ſpeedily give way to the enemy.—Now for a quick reſolve.—But how? but what?—— If I durſt but do it—to come behind and ſtab him!—Durſt! a wounded man's a child—I'll do it. [*Stalks backwards and forwards, and then ſtops as if heſitating from fear.*] Who's that behind me? [*Rolling his eyes.*] What figures are theſe—what ſounds—Nothing.—I think I have courage—courage! yes—But if my ſhadow ſhould diſcover me while I ſtruck him—or a glaſs—or the whizzing of my arm. Ugh!—How my hair briſtles! —[*He lets fall a poniard from under his clothes.*]—No, I am no coward—tender-hearted only—yes, that is it.—Theſe are virtue's ſtruggles—I honour this feeling—To kill my brother with my own hand! No, that were monſtrous! No, no, no:—Let me cheriſh this veſtige of humanity—I will not murder—Nature, thou haſt conquer'd—There's ſomething here that feels like—tenderneſs—Yes, he ſhall live. [*Exit.*

SCENE.

A Garden.

AMELIA *alone, ſitting in an arbour, where ſeveral cover'd walks are ſeen to centre.*

Amelia. " You are in tears, Amelia !"—Theſe were his words—and ſpoken with that expreſſion.—Oh it ſummoned up a thouſand dear remembrances—ſcenes of paſt delight—as in my days of happineſs—my golden ſpring of love—Hark !—'tis the nightingale ! O ſuch was thy ſong, ſweet bird, in thoſe bleſt days—ſo bloom'd the flowers—and then I lay enraptured on his neck.—Sure, if the ſpirits of the dead hover around the living, this ſtranger is the angel of my Charles. O falſe and faithleſs heart ! and doſt thou ſeek thus artfully to veil thy perfidy ?—No, no—begone for ever from this breaſt, the weak, the impious wiſh. Here, in this heart, where Charles lies buried, ſhall never human being fill his place. And yet this ſtranger, this unknown—'tis wonderful my thoughts ſhould dwell thus ſtrong, thus conſtantly upon him—as 'twere my Charles's picture—his features ſeem to melt into the very image—of my only love ! " You are in tears, Amelia !" Ha ! let me fly !—To-morrow I am a ſaint—[*Riſes up.*] A ſaint ! Poor heart ! O what a word was that ?—how ſweet to this ear was once that word ; but now—now—O heart, thou haſt betrayed me. I believed thee van-

quiſh'd, and thought it fortitude—alas! 'twas but deſpair! [*She ſits down in the ardour, and covers her face with her hands.*]

Enter HERMAN *from one of the covered walks.*

Herman. [*To himſelf.*] Now let the tempeſt rage, though it ſhould ſink me to the bottom*! [*Sees Amelia.*] Miſs Amelia, Miſs Amelia!

Amelia. Ha! a ſpy! What ſeek you here?

Herman. I bring you news—ſweet, pleaſant—horrible news. If you are diſpoſed to forgive, you ſhall hear wonders.

Amelia. I have nothing to forgive. Let me be ſpared your news.

Herman. Do you not mourn a lover?

Amelia. [*Meaſuring him with a long look.*] Child of ill-luck, what right have you to aſk that queſtion?

Herman. The right of hate—of love ——

Amelia. Can there be love beneath a garb like that?

Herman. Ay, even to make a man—a villain! Had you not an uncle who died lately?

Amelia. [*With tenderneſs.*] A father!

Herman. They are alive! [*Exit with precipitation.*]

* GERM. *Und ſollt er mir auch bis an die gurgel ſchwellen,* Though it ſhould ſwell up to my throat.

Amelia. My Charles alive! [*Running out half frantic, after Herman, ſhe meets* Charles de Moor, *who is entering by one of the walks.*]

Moor. Whither do you run, my child—thus wild, thus frantic?

Amelia. Earth ſwallow me up! That man!

Moor. I came to bid you adieu.—But, oh! heavens! to meet you thus!

Amelia. Go, Count! Farewell!—Yet ſtay—how happy had I been had you not come at this moment! O had you never come!

Moor. You had been happy then! Farewel for ever! [*Is going out.*]

Amelia. Stay—for heaven's ſake, ſtay!—I meant not ſo—O God, why did I not mean ſo?—Tell me, Count—what have I done that makes me ſeem thus guilty to myſelf?

Moor. Thoſe words are death to me!

Amelia. My heart was ſo pure before my eyes beheld you. But now—oh were they ſhut for ever—they have corrupted, poiſoned all my heart!

Moor. On me, me only be the curſe:—thy eyes, thy heart, are guiltleſs, pure as angels——

Amelia. There was his look! quite him!—O Count, I entreat—turn not on me thoſe looks. O ſpare me! ſpare me thoſe looks, that ſtir rebellion in my breaſt.—O traitor Fancy, that paint'ſt him to my mind in every glance. Begone, Sir—or take a crocodile's foul form, and you will pleaſe me more.

Moor. [*With a look expreſſive of the moſt paſſionate affection.*] Young woman, that is falſe!

Amelia. [*Tenderly.*] And if you ſhould be faithleſs; if you ſhould ſeek to ruin, to betray this weak, this woman's heart. But how can falſehood dwell in eyes that look like *his*—that ſeem his own reflected? And yet, O better it were ſo—and thou wert falſe, that I might hate thee! And yet more wretched ſtill, ſhould I not love thee! [*Moor preſſes her hand to his lips with ardour.*] Thy kiſſes burn like fire.

Moor. 'Tis my ſoul that burns in them!

Amelia. Go! leave me—while it is not too late. There is fortitude in a man's boſom.—Show that thou haſt that ſtrength of mind, and ſhare it with me!

Moor. Can he ſhow fortitude who ſees thee tremble?—No, here I fix me faſt. [*Embraces her, and lays his head on her boſom.*] Here I will die!

Amelia. [*In great confuſion.*] Away! leave me! What have you done? Away with thoſe lips. [*She ſtruggles with a faint endeavour.*] An impious fire burns in my veins. [*Tenderly, and drown'd in tears.*] And didſt thou come from the uttermoſt verge of earth to extinguiſh in this heart its holy flame—that love which had defied even death? [*She preſſes him cloſer to her boſom*] God forgive you, young man!

Moor. [*In Amelia's arms.*] Oh, if to die—to part the ſoul and body, be thus ſweet—'tis heaven to die*!

* GERM. *So iſt ſterben das meiſterſtuck des lebens.* To die is the maſterpiece of exiſtence.

Amelia. [*With rapturous tenderneſs.*] There, where thou art, has he been a thouſand times—and I, when thus I held him, forgot there was a heaven or earth. Here his delighted eye rang'd over Nature's beauties, and felt her power with rapture. Here with enthuſiaſm he ſaw, he owned the all-pervading energy of the univerſal Parent; and his noble countenance, illuminated with the great idea, acquired, methought, new beauty. Here heard the nightingale his voice—more heavenly than her own. Here from this roſe-tree he pull'd freſh roſes—for me. 'Twas here, oh here, he held me to his heart, and preſs'd his burning lips to mine. [*They give way to their emotions without controul, and mingle their kiſſes.*] O Charles! now ſtrike me dead! My vows are broken!

Moor. [*Tearing himſelf from her, as if in frenzy.*] Can this be hell that ſnares me? [*Gazing on her.*]—I am happy!

Amelia. [*Perceiving the ring upon her finger.*] Art thou there.—on that guilty hand?—Witneſs of my perjury—Away with thee! [*She pulls the ring from her finger, and gives it to Moor.*] Take it, too dear ſeducer! and with it what I hold moſt ſacred—Oh, take my all—my Charles! [*She falls back upon the ſeat.*]

Moor. [*Turns pale.*] O thou Moſt High! Was this thy Almighty will? It is the ring I gave her—pledge of our mutual faith.——Hell, be the grave of love! She gave me back my ring!

Amelia. [*Terrified.*] Henvens! What is the matter—Your eyes roll wildly—and your lips are

deadly pale!—O wretch! and is the pleaſure of thy crime ſo ſhort?

Moor. [*Commanding himſelf.*] Nothing—'tis nothing. [*Throwing up his eyes to heaven.*] I am ſtill a man. [*He takes off his own ring, and puts it on Amelia's finger.*] Take this! delightful fiend! And with it what I hold moſt ſacred, take my all, my Emily!

Amilia. [*Starting up.*] Your Emily!

Moor. O ſhe was ſo dear to my heart! ſo true, ſo faithful—even as angels true.—When we parted, we exchanged our rings, and vowed eternal conſtancy.—She heard that I was dead—believed it—and was conſtant to the dead.—She heard I was alive—and was faithleſs to the living.—I flew into her arms—was happy as the bleſt in paradiſe.—Think what a thunderſtroke, *Amelia!*—She gave me back my ring—ſhe took her own.——

Amelia. [*Looking on the ground with aſtoniſhment.*] 'Tis ſtrange, moſt ſtrange! moſt horrible!

Moor. Ay, ſtrange and horrible!—Ay, my good girl. Oh, much there is to know, much, much to learn, e'er this poor intellect can judge of his decrees, who ſmiles at human oaths, and weeps at man's fond projects.—O but my Emily is a luckleſs maid, unfortunate!

Amelia. Unfortunate! Yes, ſince ſhe rejected you.

Moor. Unfortunate.—She kiſs'd the man ſhe had betray'd.

Amelia. [*With melancholy tenderneſs.*] O then ſhe is indeed unfortunate! From my ſoul I pity her —O I could love her with a ſiſter's love.—But there is a better world than this.

Moor. Yes, where all eyes are opened! and the phantom Love is view'd with ſcorn or pity.—That world is called ETERNITY.—Ah but my Emily was a luckleſs maid! O moſt unfortunate——

Amelia. Are all unfortunate and luckleſs whoſe name is Emily?

Moor. Yes, all—Yes, when they think they preſs an angel to their heart, and graſp—a murderer!—Unfortunate indeed, my Emily!

Amelia. [*With an expreſſion of deep affliction.*] O I muſt weep for her!

Moor. [*Taking her hand, and ſhewing her the ring.*] Weep then—for thyſelf.

Amelia. [*Knowing the ring.*] Charles! Charles! O heaven and earth! [*She faints—The ſcene cloſes.*]

SCENE.

A Foreſt ſeen by Moonlight.—In one part of the Scene a Ruined Tower.

The band of Robbers ſleeping on the ground, SPIEGELBERG *and* RAZMAN *come forward in diſcourſe.*

Razman. The night is far advanced—and the Captain is not come yet.

Spieg. Harkee, Razman, I have a word for you in confidence.—Captain, did you ſay? Who made him our Captain? or rather has he not uſurped that title, which by right was mine? What! Is it for this we have ſet our lives on the caſt of a die?—Is it for this we have expoſed ourſelves to fortune's ſpleen,—have ſcorned diſgrace and infamy?—What! to be the daſtard bondſmen of a ſlave?—We ſlaves, who ſhould be princes?—By heavens, Razman, I ne'er could brook it.

Razman. Nor I, by Jupiter! But where's the remedy?

Spieg. The remedy? Are you out of thoſe ſlaves, and aſk that queſtion?—Razman!—If you are the man I always took you for——Look'ee, they have obſerved his abſence—nay, they almoſt give him up for loſt.—Razman, methinks I hear his knell—What! does not your heart bound at the thought? the thought of liberty, my boy! Do you want courage for the buſineſs?

Razman. Ha, Satan! how thou tempteſt me!

Spieg. What! Do you take me, boy? Come

then—follow me quick—I know the road he took—A brace of piſtols ſeldom fail—Come along!

Switzer. [*Gets up ſecretly.*] Ha! villain—I have not forget the Bohemian foreſt—when you ſcream'd, like a pitiful ſcoundrel, that the enemy was upon us. 'Twas then I ſwore it by my ſoul—Have at your heart, you murderer! [*Draws his ſword, They fight.*]

The Robbers. [*All ſtarting up.*] Murder! murder! Switzer—Spiegelberg—Separate them——

Switzer. [*Stabs Spiegelberg.*] There, villain! die!——Be quiet, my lads—Don't let this craven's fate alarm you *.—This envious raſcal has always had a ſpite at our Captain—and the coward has not a flea-bite on his dainty ſkin—The raſcal would ſtab a man behind the back—would ſkulk and murder. What boots it that we waſte ourſelves in toil, have drenched ourſelves in ſweat, have fed on fire and ſulphur, if at the laſt we meet a coward's fate, and die like rats by poiſon?

Grimm. Zounds, our Captain will be horribly enraged.

Switzer. That's my concern alone—Shufterle play'd the ſame game, and he's hang'd, as our chief had propheſied for him. [*A ſhot is heard.*

Grimm. [*Starting.*] Hark! a piſtol-ſhot!—Another! Halloa, the Captain!

Kozinſki. Patience, we muſt hear a third ſhot. [*A third ſhot is heard.*

Grimm. 'Tis he, 'tis he!—Switzer, conceal your-

* GERM. *Laſſt euch die haſenjagd nicht aufwecken.* Don't be rouſed ot the hunting of this hare.

ſelf for a moment—let me ſpeak to him.

[*They ſound their horns.*

Enter MOOR.

Switzer. [*Running to meet him.*] Welcome, Captain! I have been a little choleric in your abſence. [*Shews him the dead body.*] Be you judge between this man and me—he wanted to murder you—to ſtab you in the back.

Moor. Avenging power! thy hand is here! Was it not he whoſe ſyren ſong ſeduced us?—Here conſecrate this ſword to the avenging God, whoſe ways are incomprehenſible. Switzer, 'twas not *thy* hand that did this deed.

Switzer. Zounds! but it was *my* hand.—And may I be curs'd, if I think it the worſt action of my life. [*Throws down his ſword indignantly upon the body, and goes out.*]

Moor. [*Very thoughtfully.*] I ſee it plain! Father of Heaven! I know it. The dry leaves fall around.—The autumn of my days is come!—— Take him out of my ſight. [*The body of* Spiegelberg *is carried out.*]

Grimm. Give us our orders, Captain! What's to be done now?

Moor. Soon—very ſoon will all be accompliſhed. —Of late I've loſt myſelf.—Bid yonr r tumpets ſpeak.—I want that muſic. I muſt be ſuckled like a child, and rear'd again to deeds of horror.—Blow your trumpets!

Kozinſki. Captain, this is the hour of midnight

—ſleep hangs heavy on our eye-lids—we have not ſhut an eye theſe three nights.

Moor. And can ſoft Sleep reſt on the murderer's lids? Why flies he then from me?—But I have been of late a daſtard—a mere changeling. Blow your trumpets, I command you—I muſt have muſic to rouſe my ſpirit from its lethargy. [*They play a warlike piece of muſic—Moor walks about very thoughtful, and then gives a ſignal for them to ſtop.*] Begone! Good night!—I'll talk to you to-morrow.

The Robbers lay themſelves down on the ground, and one by one ſalute him. Good night, Captain. [*They fall aſleep.*]

Moor. [*Alone awake, while there is a profound ſilence.*] A long, long night!—on which no morrow e'er ſhall dawn.—Think you that I will tremble?—Shadows of the dead, the murder'd,—riſe! no joint of me ſhall quake.—Your dying agonies, your black and ſtrangled viſages, your gaping wounds—theſe are but links of that eternal chain of deſtiny which bound me from my birth, unconſcious bound me—which hung perhaps upon the humours of my nurſe—my father's temperament, or my mother's blood.—Why did the great Artificer form, like Perillus, this monſter, whoſe burning entrails yearn for human fleſh. [*Holding a piſtol to his forehead.*] This little tube unites Eternity to time! This awful key will ſhut the priſon-door of life, and open up the regions of futurity. Tell me! oh tell! to what unknown, what ſtranger

coaſts thou ſhalt conduct me! The ſoul recoils within herſelf, and ſhrinks with terror from that dreadful thought; while fancy, cunning in her malice, fills the ſcene with horrid phantoms.—No, no! Whoe'er is man, muſt on—Be what thou wilt, thou dread *unknown*, ſo but this *ſelf* remains!—this *ſelf* within. For all that is external, what has it of reality beyond that form and colour which the mind itſelf beſtows?—I am myſelf my heaven or my hell. [*Caſting a look as to a diſtance.*] If thou ſhould'ſt give me a new earth, where I alone inhabited, companion of eternal night and ſilence, this mind, this active, all-creative brain, would people the hideous void with its own images—would fill the vaſt of ſpace with ſuch chimera-forms, that all eternity were ſcarce enough to unravel them.——But perhaps it is by ever-varying ſcenes of miſery in this ill world, that, ſtep by ſtep, thou leadeſt me to annihilation.—Oh that it were poſſible to ſtop the current of that after-life, as eaſy as 'tis to break the thread of this!—Thou may'ſt reduce me into nothing—but this liberty thou canſt not take from me. [*He cocks the piſtol, and then ſuddenly ſtops.*] And ſhall I then ruſh to death through ſlaviſh dread of living here in torment? Bend this *man*'s ſoul beneath the ſcourge of miſery?—No—I will bear it all. [*He throws away the piſtol.* My pride ſhall conquer ſufferance.—Let my deſtiny be accompliſhed! [*The night becomes more dark, and a bell at a diſtance ſtrikes twelve.*]

Enter HERMAN, *who ſpeaks, and is anſwered by a voice from the tower.*

Herman. Huſh! Huſh! How the howlet cries! The village clock ſtrikes twelve;—allfaſt aſleep—except remorſe—and vengeance. [*He goes to the tower, and knocks.*] Come up, thou man of ſorrow! Tenant of the tower! Thy meal is ready.

Moor. [*Draws back, ſhuddering.*] What can that mean?

Voice from the tower. Who knocks there?—Is it thou, Herman, my raven?

Herman. Yes, 'tis thy raven Herman—Come to the grate, and eat.—Thy comrades of the night make fearful muſic.—Old man, doſt thou reliſh thy meal?

Voice. Yes—hunger is keen.—O thou who feedeſt the ravens! accept my thanks—for this thy bread in the wilderneſs!—How fares it with my good friend Herman?

Herman. Huſh! hark.—What noiſe is that?—Do you hear nothing?

Voice. No.—Do you hear any thing?

Herman. The wind whiſtles through the rents of the tower—a muſic of the night that makes the teeth chatter, and the nails turn blue.—Hark, 'tis there again.—I hear a murmuring noiſe, like thoſe who groan in ſleep.—You have company, old man—Ugh!

Voice. Do you ſee any thing?

Herman. Farewel, farewel! Your deliverer is at hand—your avenger! [*He is going haſtily out.*]

Moor. [*Approaches, ſhuddering.*] Stop!

Herman. Who is that?

Moor. Stop! ſpeak! Who art thou? What haſt thou to do here? Speak!

Herman. [*Coming forward.*] 'Tis one of his ſpies—that's certain.——I have loſt all fear. [*Draws his ſword.*] Defend yourſelf, coward! you have a man before you.

Moor. I'll have an anſwer. [*Strikes the ſword out of his hand.*] What boots this childiſh ſword-play? Didſt thou not ſpeak of vengeance?—Vengeance belongs exclusively to me—of all the men of earth.—Who dares infringe my rights?

Herman. By heaven! 'tis none of woman born—for that arm withers like the ſtroke of death.

Voice. Alas, Herman! is it you who are ſpeaking?—Whom do you ſpeak to?

Moor. What! ſtill thoſe ſounds?—What is a-doing here? [*Runs towards the tower.*] Some horrible myſtery, for certain, is conceal'd in that tower. This ſword ſhall bring it to light.

Herman. [*Comes forward trembling.*] Terrible ſtranger! art thou the wandering ſpirit of this deſart—or perhaps one of the miniſters of that unfathomable retribution, who make their circuit in this lower world, and take account of all the deeds of darkneſs?—Oh! if thou art, be welcome to this tower of horrors?

Moor. Traveller of the night! you have divined my function—the Exterminating Angel is my name—but I am fleſh and blood, as thou art.—Is this

ſome miſerable wretch, caſt out of men, and buried in this dungeon? I will looſe his chains.—Once more ſpeak! thou Voice of terror! Where is the door?

Herman. As ſoon could Satan force the gates of heaven, as thou that door.—Retire, thou man of ſtrength! the genius of the wicked foils the common intellect of man. [*Strikes the door with his ſword.*]

Moor. But not the craft of robbers. [*He takes ſome paſs-keys from his pocket.*] For once, I thank my God I've learnt that craft! Theſe keys would mock hell's foreſight. [*He takes a key, and opens the gate of the tower.—An old man comes from below, emaciated like a ſkeleton. Moor ſprings back with affright.*] Horrible ſpectre! my father!

Enter, from the dungeon, the Old Count de Moor.

Old Moor. I thank thee, O my God! the hour of my deliverance is come!

Moor. Shade of the aged *M*oor! who has diſturbed thy aſhes in the grave? Has thy ſoul left this earth, charged with ſome foul crime, that bars the gates of paradiſe againſt thee? I will ſay prayers and maſſes of the dead, to gain thy ſpirit peace. Haſt thou hid in the earth the widow or the orphan's gold; and now, in expiation of that guilt, pour'ſt at the midnight hour the ſhriek of miſery? I'll dig that treaſure up, though guarded by hell's dragons. Or comeſt thou now, at my requeſt, to expound to me the dread enigmas of eternity? Speak, ſpeak! I will not blanch, nor ſtop the affrighted ear!

Old Moor. I am no ſpirit—but alive, as thou art! O life indeed of miſery!

Moor. What! waſt thou not in thy grave?

Old Moor. I was indeed interr'd †. Three complete moons have I languiſhed in this dark dungeon, where not a ray of light can penetrate—where no ſweet air or healthful breath can enter—where the hoarſe ravens croak, and the owls ſhriek.

Moor. Heaven and earth! Who has done that?

Herman. A ſon!

Old Moor. Oh do not curſe him.

Moor. [*Darting furiouſly on Herman.*] Serpent-tongued liar! a ſon! Speak that again—repeat it was a ſon, and I plunge my dagger in thy impious throat. A ſon!

Herman. And were all hell let looſe, I ſtill muſt ſay, his ſon!

Moor. [*Petrified with horror.*] O everlaſting Chaos!

Old Moor. If thou art a man, and haſt a human heart! O my unknown deliverer—hear the miſeries of a father, puniſhed in his own children. For three long moons have I poured my complaints to theſe walls of rock, which echoed to my groans. Oh! if thou art a man and haſt a human heart—

Moor. A prayer that would move even wolves to pity.

† GERM. *Das heiſt, ein todter, hund liegt in meiner vater gruft.* That is, A dead dog lies in my father's tomb.—An expreſſion of which the Tranſlator does not ſee the force, and therefore he has omitted it.

Old Moor. I lay upon a ſick-bed. Scarce had I begun to gain a little ſtrength, when they brought me a man who gave me the dreadful intelligence that my eldeſt ſon had fallen in battle, and with his lateſt breath had told, that my inhuman malediction had driven him to deſpair and death.

Herman. A falſe, moſt horrible impoſtor—That villain was myſelf—ſeduced by *him*—that ſon—with bribes and promiſes to diſappoint all your inquiries after his elder brother—corrupted by that unnatural ſon to blaſt the miſerable remnant of your days.

Old Moor. And was it thou? O heavens! Was it a concerted plan? Was I then deceived?

Moor. [*Removing to a little diſtance.*] Doſt thou hear that, Moor? The light begins to dawn. A day of horrors!

Herman. Here, cruſh the viper! I was his vile accomplice—I ſuppreſſed your Charles's letters, changed thoſe from you, and ſubſtituted others in their place, conceived in terms of barbarous reſentment. Thus have you been deceived—thus cruelly was he cut off from your inheritance—baniſhed from your heart.

Moor. [*With an expreſſion of unutterable anguiſh.*] And hence become a robber and a murderer! [*Strikes his breaſt and his forehead.*] O fool, fool, fool!—the victim of infernal treachery!—aud now a murderer and aſſaſſin! [*Walks about in great agitation.*]

Old Moor. Francis!—May all——[*ſuppreſſing rage.*] But I will curſe no more—and I ſaw nothing—nothing ſuſpected. O fond indulgent dotard!

Moor. [*Stops ſuddenly.*] And that poor father in a dungeon! [*Suppreſſing his anguiſh.*] What cauſe have I for rage or for complaint? [*With aſſumed compoſure.*] Go on, Sir.

Old Moor. I fainted at the news. They muſt have thought me dead, for when I came to myſelf, I was on a bier, and ſhrouded as a corpſe. I beat upon the lid of the coffin—it was opened—'twas in the dead of night—my ſon Francis ſtood before me. —"What," ſaid he, with a voice of horror, "Muſt you then live for ever?" And with theſe words he ſhut the coffin. The thunder of that voice bereaved me of my ſenſes. When I again recovered them, I found the bier in motion. After ſome time it ſtopped. The coffin was again opened, and at the entry of this dungeon I found my ſon Francis, with that man who had brought me the bloody ſword of my ſon Charles. I fell at Francis' feet, embraced his knees—and wept, conjured him, ſupplicated.—The tears, the ſupplications of his father, never reached his iron heart.—"Throw down that carcaſe," ſaid he, with a voice of thunder, "he has lived too long."—They threw me down into that dungeon, and my ſon Francis locked the iron door upon me.

Moor. Impoſſible! Impoſſible!—Your memory or your ſenſes play you falſe!

Old Moor. O, would it were ſo!—Hearken, but reſtrain yourſelf.——Thus I lay for twenty hours—and none knew of my ſufferings. No foot of man e'er treads this ſolitary waſte—for 'tis the common report that the ghoſts of my forefathers haunt this

dreadful tower, drag their chains among the ruins, and chaunt at the hour of midnight the ſong of death. At laſt I heard the creaking of the iron door. It was opened, and this man brought me ſome bread and water. He told me that I was condemned to be ſtarved to death in that dungeon, and that he forfeited his own life, if it were known that he brought me the ſmalleſt particle of food. It was by his means I have preſerved a miſerable being ſo long—but the chilling cold, the foul air, and the anguiſh of my own mind . . . . . my ſtrength was quite exhauſted, my body was emaciated to a ſkeleton. A thouſand times have I prayed to God to put an end to my ſufferings; but the meaſure of my puniſhment muſt not have been complete—or perhaps there is yet in ſtore for me ſome happineſs—ſome bliſs the Almighty has decreed to come, for which he has deigned thus miraculouſly to preſerve me.—But come what will, my ſufferings are juſt—moſt merited. Oh my Charles, my Charles!—Before thy hairs were gray!

Moor. It is enough. [*To the band aſleep*] Riſe there, you ſenſeleſs logs—you hearts of ſtone! What! will none of you awake? [*He fires a piſtol over them. They ſtart to their feet immediately.*]

Robbers. Halloa! halloa! What is the matter?

Moor. Could you ſleep out that tale? A tale that might have rouſed even ſleep eternal—Mark here, mark here! What are this world's laws! mere knavery—a game with loaded dice.—Diſcord is ſet at large, and ranges wild as hell.—The bands of nature are diſſolved—a ſon has ſlain his father!

Roobers. What does the Captain ſay?

Moor. Slain! did I ſay—that word is tame—'tis palliative—A ſon has racked his father—killed him in torment—broken him on the wheel:—even that is varniſh of his horrible crime.—The cannibal himſelf would ſhudder at it.—Oh God! he has devoured him.—See, ſee there! he faints! A ſon confined his father in that tower—cold, naked, hungry, and athirſt. Look there, look there! This is my father!

Robbers. [*Coming round the old man.*] Your father?

Switzer. [*Approaches with reſpect, and throws himſelf at the old man's feet.*] Father of my Captain! I kiſs your feet. I draw this dagger, and I here devote it to thy ſervice!

Moor. Revenge! revenge! revenge—this violated, profaned, this hoary head!—Here I tear for ever the fraternal bond. [*He rends his coat from top to bottom.*] Here, in the face of heaven, I curſe him! curſe every drop of blood within him!—[*Kneels.*] Hear me, O moon and ſtars! and thou black canopy of night that witneſſeſt this horror? hear my cries! Hear me, O God? thrice-terrible avenger—thou who reign'ſt above yon pallid orb—and judgment doom'ſt, and dart'ſt thy fiery bolts through darkneſs, to the head of guilt; behold me on my knees—behold me raiſe this hand aloft! and hear my oath! May nature curſe me! expel me, like ſome horrible abortion, from out the circle of her works—if here, upon this ſtone, I do not ſhed that parricide's blood—till the foul vapour from the fountain of his heart riſe into air, and dim the bleſſed ſun! [*Riſes from his knees.*]

Robbers. This is a ſtroke of hell!—Let them now call us villains. Now, by all the dragons of darkneſs, we never did any thing half ſo horrible!

Moor. No— by the groans of thoſe poor wretches whom your daggers have diſpatched!—by thoſe who periſhed on that dreadful day when fire and ruin raged at our command!—no murderous plan ſhall be deviſed, no ſcheme of rapine be reſolved or meditated, till every man among us glut his ſteel, and dye his garments purple in that monſter's blood.—Who could e'er have thought that we were deſtined to ſerve as inſtruments in the Almighty's hand, and miniſter to his juſtice? Our fate's myſterious clue is now unravelling. This day the inviſible arm of a ſuperior Power gives dignity to our vocation. Adore his Majeſty, who honours you this day as agents in his hands to work his wondrous purpoſes!—employs you as his angels to execute his ſtern decrees, and pour the vials of his wrath.——Be all uncovered! fall on your knees, and humbly kiſs the duſt—then riſe all hallowed men! *They fall on their knees, and make a ſolemn proſtration to the earth.*]

Switzer. Now give your orders, Captain! Say what we ſhall do.

Moor. Riſe, Switzer, and touch theſe ſacred locks. [*He brings him to his father, and makes him take hold of a lock of his hair.*] You remember, when you cleft the head of that Bohemian trooper who had raiſed his ſabre to kill me, when I was fainting with fatigue, and my knees were ſinking under me—'twas then I promiſed you a high reward, a kingly recompence—But to this hour I never have been able to diſcharge that debt.

Switzer. And may you never be! It is my pride to call you ſtill my debtor.

Moor. No.—This day I will diſcharge it.——Switzer, thou art honoured this day above all mortals. Be thou the avenger of my father. [*Switzer riſes.*]

Switzer. Moſt honoured Captain! this day thou haſt haſt made me for the firſt time truly proud. Give orders how, and when, and where, thy friend ſhall ſtrike.

Moor. The precious minutes are already number'd. Thou muſt be ſpeedy. Chooſe out the worthieſt of the band, and lead them ſtraight to yonder caſtle.——Seize him, were he aſleeg,—Drag him from out his bed, though he lie couch'd in pleaſure's lap. Lay hold of him at table, while, like the ſwine he gorges. Tear him from the altar, though on his knees before the crucifix. But hear what I moſt ſolemnly command: bring him to me alive! This hand ſhall hew that man in pieces, and feed the famiſhed vultures with his limbs, who dares to wound his ſkin, or rob him of a ſingle hair. I muſt have him all entire. Bring him to me alive, bring him entire, and millions ſhall be your reward. I'll plunder kings, I'll ſet my life at nought, to earn for thee a glorious recompence. Thou haſt my purpoſe—haſte thee to accompliſh it!

Switzer. It is enough! here take my hand upon it! Captain, you ſhall ſee two of us—or none.—Come, Switzer's miniſters of vengeance. [*Exit, followed by a part of the band, and* Herman.]

Moor. Let the reſt diſperſe themſelves in the foreſt—I remain here.

End of the FOURTH ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE.

An apartment in MOOR'S *Caſtle.*

FRANCIS DE MOOR *in a night gown, ruſhes in, followed by* DANIEL.

Francis.

BETRAY'D! betray'd! The ſpirits of the dead riſe from their graves—a countleſs hoſt raiſed from etenal ſleep to haunt the murderer. Who's that?—

Daniel. [*Anxiouſly.*] Heaven pity me! What! my dear Lord, is it poſſible it could be you who ſhriek'd ſo horribly as to waken us all out of our ſleep?

Francis. Your ſleep? Who gave you leave to ſleep? What! Sleep at this hour, when all ſhould be awake?—Awake! Ay, armed and caparifoned. Quick, quick, to arms, to arms.—Load every muſket.—See'ſt thou not how they force their way through every door, and dart along yon vaulted paſſages?

Daniel. Who, my Lord?

Francis. Who? beaſt! Doſt thou not ſee them? hear them? Are your ſenſes gone? Demons and ghoſts!——How goes the night?

Daniel. The watch has juſt cried Two.

Francis. No more? Will this eternal night laſt till the day of judgment? Heard you no noiſe without? No ſhouting? Cries of victory? Hark! horſes at the gallop! Where is Char..... The Count, I mean?

Daniel. I cannot tell, Sir.

Francis. You cannot tell? You are of the plot! I'll tread your villain's heart out. You cannot tell? The very beggars have conſpired againſt me. Heaven, earth, and hell, combined againſt me!

Daniel. My Lord!

Francis. Who ſaid I trembled? No—'twas but a dream. The dead are in their graves—Tremble? —No—I am quite at eaſe.

Daniel. You are not well, my Lord.—You are quite pāle—Your voice is changed,—it faulters.—

Francis. I am feveriſh.—I ſhall let blood to-morrow.

Daniel. Indeed, Sir, you are ill—very ill.

Francis. Yes, that is all.—It is ſo,—and illneſs affects the brain, and give wild dreams. What matter what one dreams!—'Tis indigeſtion makes us dream.—I had a pleaſant dream juſt now. [*He ſinks down in a faint.*]

Daniel. Good God! What's here! George! Conrad! Baſtian! Martin! Where are you all?

Give but a ſign of life. [*He ſhakes him.*] O Lord! they'll ſay I murdered him.

Francis. [*Diſturbed.*] Begone! Who ſhakes me there? Horrible ſpectre! Are the dead alive?

Daniel. Merciful God! He has loſt his reaſon?

Francis. [*Recovering himſelf gradually.*] Where am I? Is it you, Daniel? What did I ſay?—What ſignifies it?—Don't mind it:—'Twas all a lie, whatever it was.—Come, help me—It was, I think, a fit of giddineſs—from want of ſleep.

Daniel. I'll call aſſiſtance, Sir:—ſend for phyſicians.——

Francis. Stopt.—Sit down here:—You are a man of ſenſe, Daniel—I'll tell you how I.....

Daniel No, no, Sir,—Another time.—I'll ſee you put to bed—you have great need of reſt.

Francis. Nay, Daniel—I muſt tell you—'tis ſo odd.—You'll laugh, I promiſe you:—You muſt know I thought I had been feaſting like a Prince, and I laid me down quite happy on one of the graſſy banks of the garden—there I fell aſleep, and all of a ſudden—but you'll laugh when I tell you.——

Daniel. All of a ſudden——What?

Francis. All of a ſudden, I was waked by a clap of thunder.—I got upon my feet, and ſtaggering, looked around me—when lo! the whole horizon ſeemed to be one great ſheet of fire—the mountains, towns, and foreſts ſeemed to melt like wax in a furnace; and then a dreadful tempeſt aroſe, which drove before it the heavens, the earth, and the ocean.

Daniel. Good God! It is the deſcription of the day of judgment.

Francis. Did you ever hear ſuch ridiculous ſtuff? Then I ſaw a perſon come forward, who held in his right hand a brazen balance, which ſtretched from eaſt to weſt.—He cried with a loud voice, "Ap-"proach, ye childeren of the duſt: I weigh the "thoughts of the heart!"

Daniel. God have mercy upon me!

Francis. All ſeemed to be ſtruck with terror; and every countenance was pale as aſhes.—'Twas then I thought I heard my name in a dreadful voice that iſſued in thunder from a mountain,—a voice that froze the marrow in my bones, and made my teeth chatter as if they had been of iron.

Daniel. O, may God forgive you!

Francis. He did not forgive me.—Behold, an old man appeared,—emaciated—bent to the ground with ſorrow,—a horrible ſight; for he had gnawed away one half of his arm from hunger.—None could bear to look upon him.—I knew him:—He cut off one of his grey locks, and threw it from him.—Then I heard a voice iſſue from the ſmoke of the mountain: "Mercy and forgiveneſs to all the ſinners of the "earth! Thou only art rejected." [*After a long pauſe.*] Why don't you laugh?

Daniel. Laugh? at what makes my fleſh creep? —Dreams come from God!

Francis. Fy, fy! you muſt not ſay ſo.—Call me a fool, a child, an idiot,—any thing. But prithee laugh at me.

Daniel. Dreams come from God.—I will go pray for you. [*Exit.*

Francis. No—'Tis popular ſuperſtition! All chimeras! If the paſt is paſt, who has decided that an eye above ſhall e'er look back upon it?—Does vengeance dwell above the ſtars? No, no:—Yet there is ſomething here that tells, in dreadful whiſpers to my ſoul, there is—a Judge above the ſtars!—Should I this night appear before him—No, 'tis all a jeſt—a miſerable ſubterfuge for coward fear to graſp at—But if it ſhould be ſo—if that were true—and all were regiſtered above—and this the night of reckoning. ——Why this quaking of the joints? this fearful ſhuddering? To die!—that word congeals my blood —To give account! Ay, and when that reckoning comes, to face the Judge—ſhould he do juſtice!

Enter a SERVANT *haſtily.*

Servant. Amelia has eſcaped.—The Count has ſuddenly gone off.

Enter DANIEL, *with a countenance of terror.*

Daniel. My Lord, there is a troop of horſemen riding up to the Caſtle at the full gallop, and crying, murder, murder! The village is all in alarm.

Francis. Go ring the bells, and ſummon all to church—to prayers I ſay—I will have prayers ſaid for me:—I'll ſet the priſoners free—make reſtitution to the poor, five and ſix fold.—Go call my confeſſor,

to give me abſolution of my ſins.—What! not yet gone? [*The tumult increaſes.*]

Daniel. God forgive me all my ſins! Are you ſerious, Sir? And do you really wiſh I ſhould obey theſe orders?—You, who have always made a jeſt of prayers, and who ſo oft——

Francis. No more! To die,—to die is dreadful—It will be too late. [*Switzer's cry is heard.*] To prayers, to prayers!

Daniel. 'Tis what I always told you—but you mock'd at prayer.—And now, behold, Sir, when you are in trouble—when the flood overwhelms your ſoul———

Switzer's voice is heard in the court of the Caſtle.

Switzer. Storm—break down the gates.—Yonder is a light!—they muſt be there!——

Francis. [*On his knees.*] Hear my prayer, O God of heaven! It is the firſt.———Hear me, O God of heaven!

Switzer. [*Still in the court.*] Strike them down, my lads.—It is the devil come from hell to ſeize him.—Where's Blackman with his troop? Surround the caſtle, Grimm!—Run! ſtorm the ramparts.

Grimm. Here! bring the firebrands!—Watch where he comes down:—We'll ſmoke him out!

Francis. My God! I have been no common murderer—no miſerable petty crimes committed!—

Daniel. God have compaſſion on us! Even his prayers are ſins!

[*They fling ſtones and firebrands—the windows are broken in—the caſtle is ſet on fire.*]

Francis. I cannot pray.—Here, here, [*beating on his breaſt.*] all is choked up!—No, I will pray no more.———

Daniel. Chriſt and his Mother ſave us!—The whole caſtle is on fire!

Francis. Here! take this ſword! ſtab me behind!—thruſt it into my bowels—that theſe villains may not come to make their ſport of me. [*The fire increaſes.*]

Daniel. God forbid!—I will ſend none to heaven before his time, far leſs to . . . . . [*He runs off.*]

Francis. [*Looking after him.—A pauſe.*] To hell, he would have ſaid.—Yes, I feel he's right.—Are theſe their ſhouts of triumph?—that hiſſing there, is it hell's ſerpents? Hark, they are coming up!—they are at the door!—Why ſhould I ſhudder at this ſword's point?—Ha! the gate is down!—Now 'tis impoſſible to eſcape. [*He attempts to throw himſelf into the flames, and is purſued by the Robbers, who ruſh in acroſs the ſtage.*]

SCENE.

A Foreſt.—A ruined Tower, as in the end of the Fourth Act.

The Old Count de Moor ſeated upon a ſtone.—Charles de Moor in converſation with him.—Some of the band ſcattered through the Foreſt.

Moor. And was he dear to you, that other ſon?

Old Moor. Heaven knows how dear he was to me! O why did my weak heart ever liſten to thoſe artful tales of baſeſt calumny? I was ſo happy! above all fathers bleſt in the fair promiſe of my childrens youth. But, Oh accurſed hour! the ſpirit of a fiend poſſeſſed the younger of my ſons—I truſted to the ſerpent's wiles, and loſt—both my children! [*Hides his face with his hands. Moor goes to a little diſtance.*] How deeply now I feel the truth of thoſe ſad words Amelia uttered, "In vain, when on your death-bed, you ſhall ſtretch your feeble hands to graſp your Charles—he never will approach your bed—never more comfort you."—[*Moor, turning away his head, gives him his hand.*] Oh were this my Charles's hand! But he is gone!—He's in the narrow houſe! he ſleeps the ſleep of death! He cannot hear the voice of my complaint—I muſt die amidſt the ſtrangers—No ſon have I to cloſe my eyes!

oor. [*In great agitation.*] It muſt be ſo—it muſt this moment. [*To the Robbers.*] Leave us alone! —And yet—can I bring back his ſon?—I never can bring back *that* ſon!—No, no, it muſt not be.—No, never, never!——

Old Moor. What doſt thou ſay?—What doſt thou mutter to thyſelf?

Moor. Thy ſon!—Yes, old man, [*heſitating,*] thy ſon is loſt for ever.

Old Moor. For ever?

Moor. Aſk me no more!—For ever!

Old Moor. Why did you take me from yon hideous dungeon?

Moor. [*Aſide.*] But ſtay—If I could now but get his bleſſing—ſteal it from him like a thief, and ſo eſcape with that celeſtial treaſure! [*He throws himſelf at his feet.*] I broke the iron bolts of the dungeon.—Bleſſed old man! I aſk thy kiſs for that.

Old Moor. [*Preſſing him to his boſom.*] Take this, and think it is a father's kiſs—and I will dream I hold my Charles to my breaſt?—What? can you weep?

Moor. [*With great emotion.*] I thought it was a father's kiſs. [*Throws himſelf on his neck, A confuſed noiſe is heard, and a light is ſeen of torches approaching. Moor riſes haſtily.*] Hark! 'tis vengeance comes! —Yonder they come! [*Looks earneſtly at the old man, and then raiſes his eyes to heaven, with an expreſſion of deliberate fury.*] Thou ſuffering Lamb! enflame me with the tyger's fury! The ſacrifice muſt now be offered up! and ſuch a victim, that the ſtars ſhall hi de

their heads in darkneſs, and univerſal nature be appalled! [*The torches are ſeen, the noiſe increaſes, and ſeveral piſtol-ſhots are heard.*]

Old Moor. Alas! alas! what is that horrid noiſe? Who is a-coming?—Are they my ſon's confederates come to drag me from the dungeon to the ſcaffold?

Moor. [*Raiſing his hands to heaven.*] Oh! Judge of heaven and earth! hear a murderer's prayer! Give him ten thouſand lives! may life return anew, and every dagger's ſtroke refreſh him for eternal agonies!

Old Moor. What is't you mutter there?—'tis horrible!—

Moor. I ſay my prayers! [*The wild muſic of the Robbers is heard.*]

Old Moor. O think of Francis in your prayers!

Moor. [*In a voice choaked with rage.*] He is not forgotten!——

Old Moor. That's not the voice of one who prays! O ceaſe!—Such prayers are dreadful!

[*Enter Switzer with a party of Robbers:—Francis de Moor, handcuffed, in the middle of them.*]

Switzer. Triumph! Captain.—Here he is!—I have fulfilled my word.

Grimm. We tore him out of the flames of his caſtle: His vaſſals all took to flight.

Kozinſki. The caſtle is in aſhes—and even the memory of his name annihilated. [*A dreadful pauſe.—Moor comes ſlowly forward.*]

Moor. [*With a ſtern voice to Francis.*] Doſt thou know me?

Francis, without anſwering, fixes his eyes immoveably on the ground, while Charles leads him towards the old man.

Moor. Doſt thou know that man?

Francis. [*Starting back with horror.*] Thunder of heaven! It is my father!

Old Moor. [*Turns away ſhuddering.*] Go! May God forgive you.—I have forgotten——

Moor. [*With ſtern ſeverity.*] And may my curſe accompany that prayer, and clog it with a mill-ſtone's weight, that it may never reach the mercy-ſeat of God?—Do you know that dungeon?

Francis. [*To Herman.*] Monſter! Has your inveterate enmity to our blood, purſued my poor father even to this dungeon?

Herman. Bravo! Bravo! Where a lie is wanted, the devil will never deſert his own.

Moor. Enough. Lead this old man a little on into the foreſt.—I need no father's tears to prompt to what remains. [*They lead off the Old Count, who is in a ſtate of inſenſibility.*] Approach ye [illegible]! [*They form a ſemicircle round the two brothers, and look ſternly on, reſting upon their muſkets.*] Now, not a breath be heard! As ſure as I yet hope for heaven's mercy—the firſt who moves his lips to utter a ſound, I blow his brains out.—Huſh!

Francis. [*To Herman, in a tranſport of rage.*]—Wretch! that I could ſpit my poiſonous foam in torrents on that face!—This is gall! [*Gnawing his chains, and weeping from rage.*]

Moor. [*With great dignity.*] I ſtand commiſſioned here as miniſter of heaven's Almighty King, the Judge of right and wrong;—and from your mouths I ſhall announce a doom, which the moſt pure and upright court on earth would ſanction and approve. The guilty are aſſembled here as judges, and I of all moſt guilty am their chief—He, who on ſcrutiny of his own conſcience, and ſtrict review of all his paſt offences, does not appear pure as the innocent child, and ſpotleſs when compared with this enormous and moſt horrible wretch, let him withdraw from this aſſembly, and break his poniard as a token! [*All the Robbers throw away their poniards, without breaking them, and remain in the ſame poſture.*] Now, Moor, be proud indeed! for thou haſt this day changed the ſcarlet ſinners to the ſpotleſs angels.—There's ſtill a poniard wanting. [*He draws his poniard, and a pauſe enſues.*] His mother was mine too! [*To Kozinſki and Switzer.*] Be you the judges! [*In great emotion he breaks his poniard, and retires to a ſide.*]

Switzer. [*After a pauſe.*] Why ſtand we here like ſchool-boys, wildered and amazed.—our faculties locked up.—What, not a new invention to be found of torment.—While life is laviſh in variety of pleaſures, is death ſo niggardly in choice of tortures? [*Striking the ground impatiently.*] Speak thou, for I have loſt all faculty of invention.

Kozinſki. Think on his gray hairs:—Caſt your eyes on that dungeon:—Let theſe ſuggeſt! Should I, a ſcholar, thus inſtruct his maſter?

Switzer. Accuſtomed as I am to ſcenes of horror, I'm poor in ſuch invention.—Was not this dungeon the chief ſcene of his atrocious crimes?—Sit we not now in judgment before this dungeon? Down with him into the vault! there let him rot alive!

The Robbers. [*Applauding tumultuouſly.*] Down with him! Down with him! [*They go to lay hold of him.*]

Francis. [*Springing into the arms of his brother.*] Save me from the claws of theſe murderers! Save me brother!

Moor. Thou haſt made me chief of theſe murderers. [*Francis ſtarts back with terror.*] Wilt thou entreat me now?

The Robbers. [*Still more tumultuous.*] Down with him! Down with him!

Moor. Then is my part ſuperfluous.—[*With a dignified expreſſion of grief.*] Son of my father! Thou haſt robbed me of Heaven's bliſs! Be that ſin blotted out! Perdition is thy lot!—I do forgive thee, brother! [*He embraces him, and goes out, while the Robbers put Francis down into the dungeon, laughing in a ſavage manner.*]

Moor. [*Returning, plunged in a deep reverie.*] It is accompliſhed! O God who ruleſt all! accept my thanks.—It is accompliſhed! [*In deep meditation.*] IF THIS DUNGEON SHOULD BE THE LIMIT OF MY COURSE, TO WHICH THOU HAST LED ME THROUGH PATHS OF BLOOD AND HORROR: IF FOR THAT END

THOU HAST DECREED I SHOULD BECOME THE CHIEF OF THESE FOUL MURDERERS: Eternal Providence!—I bend me to thy will with awe and reverence—I tremble and adore!—Thus let it be—and here I terminate the work.—His battle o'er, the ſoldier falls with dignity. Thus let me vaniſh with the night, and end my courſe as breaks yon purple dawn! —Bring in my father! [*Some of the Robbers go out, and return with the old man.*]

Old Moor. O whither do you lead me? Where is my ſon?

Moor. [*With dignified compoſure.*] The planet and the grain of ſand hath each its place allotted in this ſcene of things: Thy ſon hath likewiſe his—Be ſeated there!

Old Moor. [*Breaks out into tears.*] Oh, I have no children! None!

Moor. Peace, peace? Be ſeated there!

Old Moor. O cruel in your kindneſs! You have ſaved a dying wretch, and dragged him back to life, only to tell him that his children are no more! Shew mercy yet, and bury me again in that dark tower!

Moor. [*Seizes his hand, and raiſes it with tranſport to heaven*] Do not blaſpheme, old man! Blaſpheme not Him, before whoſe righteous throne I have this day prayed with confidence—To-day, the wicked have approached the throne of mercy.

Old Moor. And have they there been taught to murder?

Moor. [*With a voice of indignation.*] Old man, no more! [*In a calmer tone.*] If His divinity thus ſtirs within the ſinner's breaſt, is it for ſaints to quench that holy fire! Where could you now find words to expreſs condition or to ſue forgiveneſs, if this day He ſhould baptiſe for thee—A SON?

Old Moor. Are ſons baptiſed in blood?

Moor. What doſt thou ſay? Is truth revealed by the tongue of deſpair?—Yes, old man, it is poſſible for Providence to baptiſe even with blood.—This day He has baptiſed for thee with blood.—Fearful and wonderful are His ways.—But in the end are tears of joy.

Old Moor. Where ſhall thoſe tears be ſhed?

Moor. Upon thy Charles's heart! [*Throws himſelf into his arms.*]

Old Moor. [*In tranſport of joy.*] My Charles alive!

Moor. Yes! he's alive! ſent here to ſave—to avenge his father.—Thus by thy favourite ſon thy kindneſs recompenſed. [*Pointing to the tower.*] Thus by the prodigal revenged! [*Preſſes him more warmly to his breaſt.*]

The Robbers. Hark! there are voices in the foreſt!

Moor. Call in the band! [*The Robbers go out*] 'Tis time, O heart! time to remove the cup of pleaſure from the lips, before it turn to poiſon.

Old Moor. Are theſe men thy friends? I dread to look at them.

Moor. Aſk any thing but that!—That has no anſwer.

Enter Amelia, with her hair diſhevelled. All the band follow, and range themſelves in the back ground of the ſcene.

Amelia. They ſay the dead have ariſen at his voice—that my uncle is alive—ſaved from that tower!—My Charles, where are you? Where is my uncle?

Moor. [*Starting back.*] Oh! what a picture for an eye like mine!

Old Moor. [*Riſes trembling.*] Amelia! my dear niece!

Amelia. [*Throwing herſelf into the old man's arms.*] My father, O once more, my Charles!—my all!

Old Moor. My Charles alive!—and I! and all! My Charles alive!———

Moor. [*With fury, to the band.*] Let us be gone, my friends! The arch-fiend has betrayed me!

Amelia. [*Diſengaging herſelf from the embraces of the old man, flies into the arms of Charles, and embraces him with tranſport.*] I have him here! O heavens, I have him here!

Moor. Tear her from my arms!—Kill her!—and him—and me too—and all!—Let nature go to wreck!

Amelia. My huſband! Oh my huſband! Tranſported quite! he is in extacy.—Why am I thus poor in tranſport? cold, inſenſible, 'midſt this tumultuous joy?

Old Moor. Come, my children!——Here, Charles, thy hand—and thine, Amelia!—A happineſs like this I never looked for on this ſide the grave. Here let me bleſs your union—and for ever——

Amelia. For ever his! For ever! and he mine! O Powers of heaven! abate this torrent of delight! It kills with pleaſure!

Moor. [*Tearing himſelf from the arms of Amelia.*] Away! away! dear wretch! moſt miſerable of brides!—Look there!—aſk of theſe men!—and hear them!—Hear them, O moſt unhappy of all fathers!—Let me be gone for ever!

Amelia. What wouldſt thou do?—where go?—Here's love and happineſs eternal! What mean thoſe dreadful words?

Old Moor. Where would he go? My ſon! my only ſon! What does he mean?

Moor. It is too late!—In vain!——Thy curſe, my father!—Aſk me no more.—I am—I have—thy curſe—believed, at leaſt, thy curſe*!——[*With firmneſs.*] Die, wretched Emily!—Father, by me twice ſlain!—theſe thy deliverers—are robbers!—robbers and aſſaſſins!—Thy ſon—their Captain!

Old Moor. O God!——My children!—Oh! [*He dies.*]

[*Amelia remains motionleſs as a ſtatue.—The band preſerves a dreadful ſilence.*]

Moor. [*Running to daſh his head againſt an oak, ſtops ſuddenly.*] The ſpirits of thoſe I murdered in

*GERM. *Dein vermeinter fluch.* Thy ſuppoſed curſe.

their ſleep—or in the bed of love!—Hark! yon dreadful exploſion, which cruſh'd to death the mother and her infant!—The flames, which lick'd the cradles of the babes!—Ay, that's the nuptial torch—and theſe the wedding ſongs!——Oh! He has not forgotten.—He knows to crave his debt—Then, Love, be gone for ever.—Here is my doom—and this *my* juſt award!—'Tis retribution.

Amelia. [*Who recovers as if from a thunder-ſtroke.*] Father of heaven! 'tis true!—He has ſaid it!—It is true.—But what have I done?—I, an innocent lamb?—I have loved THIS MAN!

Moor. 'Tis more than man can bear! I have heard the yell of death poured from a thouſand mouths, and never ſhrunk! Shall I now quake before a woman?—be myſelf a woman! No, no!—— No woman e'er ſhall move to weakneſs this man's heart.—I muſt have blood!—This will wear off! I'll drink of blood—and then I'll brave my fate! [*Is going off.*]

Amelia. [*Ruſhes into his arms.*] Murderer! fiend! whate'er thou art—angel to me! I will not let thee go!

Moor. Is this a dream? a frenzy of the brain? or new device of hell, to make its game of me? See how ſhe clings—clings to the murderer's neck!

Amelia. Ay—faſt!—for ever!

Moor. She loves me!—loves me ſtill.—Then I am ſpotleſs as the light! She loves me.—With all my crimes, ſhe loves me;—an angel weeps on a fiend's neck—a fiend reſtored to grace.—Here let the ſerpents of the Furies die—hell ſink to nothing

—I am happy! [*Hiding his face on the boſom of Amelia.*]

Grimm. [*Furiouſly.*] Stop, Traitor! leave her arms this inſtant!—or I will ſpeak a word that ſhall appal thee to the ſoul!

Switzer. [*Interpoſes his ſword between Moor and Grimm.*] Think on the foreſt of Bohemia! Mark'ſt thou that? Think on the foreſt of Bohemia! Traitor! Where are thy oaths?—Are all our wounds forgot? our fortune, honour, life, deſpiſed for thee? our ſufferings, more than mortal, ſet at nought! Didſt thou not then lift up that hand to heaven, and ſwear—ſwear never to forſake us—never to deſert thoſe who have been true to thee?—Foul, faithleſs, baſeſt traitor!—To ſell us for a woman's tears!

The Robbers. [*Murmuring confuſedly, uncover their breaſts.*] Look here! look at theſe wounds!—We bought thee with our blood! Thou art our bondſman—ours thou art!—If the Archangel Michael ſhould ſeek to wreſt thee from the Prince of hell—thou art ours.—Come! come along! a victim for a victim! a woman for the band!

Moor. [*Diſengaging himſelf from* Amelia's *arms.*] 'Tis done!—I would have fain gone back.—But He that is in heaven has ſaid, No! Look not thus dark upon me, Emily! He has no need of me.—Has he not millions of his creatures? He can ſpare one!—I am that one.—Come, friends, let us be gone! [*Turning to the band.*]

Amelia. [*Holding him faſt.*] Stop, ſtop! one ſingle ſtroke!—a mortal ſtroke! Again abandoned!—O draw that ſword in mercy!

Moor. Mercy is in the tyger's heart.—I cannot kill thee.

Amelia. [*Embracing his knees.*] O, for the love of God!—for mercy!—I aſk thee not for love.—I know we are curſt by Fate.—Death! death's my only prayer!—See, my hand ſhakes.—I cannot touch the ſword—its gleaming terrifies me!—O, to thee it were ſo eaſy! inured to death.—Strike, ſtrike, and I will bleſs thee!

Moor. [*With ſternneſs.*] Wouldſt thou alone be happy? Begone! I cannot kill a woman!

Amelia. Murderer! thou kill'ſt the happy only—but the wretch who longs for death, thy barbarous pity ſpares. [*To the band.*] Have mercy on me! kindeſt miniſters of death!—O pity me! Yes, thoſe ſavage looks are comfort to the wretch!—They thirſt for blood.—Diſpatch me quick!—In mercy kill me! Your maſter in a coward—a mere braggart! [*Some of the Robbers preſent their pieces at her.*]

Moor. [*In fury.*] Begone, you harpies! [*Places himſelf between them and* Amelia.] Dare but a ſoul of you to violate this ſanctuary!—She is mine! [*Encircling her waiſt with his arm.*] Let heaven and hell combine their powers to force her from this hold!—Love is above all oaths! [*He lifts her from the ground, and ſhews her triumphantly to the band.*] What nature has united, who ſhall dare to part?

The Robbers. [*Levelling their muſkets, and taking aim at both.*] We ſhall dare!

Moor. [*With a contemptuous ſmile.*] Poor, impotent, and weak! [*He places Amelia, who is almoſt inſenſible on a ſtone.*] Look up, my bride! No prieſt ſhall bleſs our union—no hallowed prayer be ſaid! I know what's better. [*Takes the handkerchief from Amelia's neck, and diſcovers her boſom.*] Gaze on this beauteous ſight! if ye be men! Felons! have ye hearts of ſtone?—Behold me here! I'm young—I've felt the power of love—I was beloved! betroth'd ——I had reached the gate of paradiſe! [*In a tone of tender ſupplication,*] and ſhall my brothers force me thence? [*The Robbers ſmile.*]—It is enough! [*With firmneſs.*] Thus far has Nature ſpoke!—Now the Man's part begins!——I am a murderer, like you!—a robber, and incendiary!—I am——[*advancing to the band with an air of inexpreſſible majeſty.*]—your Captain!—and will you thus, ye felons! ſword in hand, thus treat, thus parley with your Captain?—Down with your arms! it is your maſter who commands! [*They lay down their arms.*] There! what are you now, but children, and I—am free!—Moor muſt be free, in order to be great! Now, I would not exchange this triumph for an elyſium of love! [*He draws his ſword.*] Poor wretches! your mean ſouls reach not this height.—Whate'er is great ſeems frenzy in your eyes.—The ſpirit of deſpair outſtrips your ſnail-paced wiſdom. On deeds like theſe we pauſe not till they are done!——I'll think on this—hereafter! [*He ſtabs Amelia.*]

The Robbers. [*Clapping their hands.*] Bravo! moſt worthy Captain! Thy honour is diſcharg'd—Thou Prince of Robbers!

Moor. Now ſhe is mine! She's mine!—Or that hereafter is but the dream of fools! —— I have foil'd my deſtiny!—In ſpite of fate, I have brought home my bride:—And with this ſword, have ſeal'd our wedding vows.—Thouſands of years ſhall paſs, and ſeaſons roll, e'er the bright ſun ſhall witneſs ſuch a deed.——[*To Amelia with tenderneſs.*] Was it not ſweet, my Emily, to die thus by thy bridegroom's hand?

Amelia. [*Stretching out her hand to him.*] Oh moſt ſweet! [*She dies.*]

Moor. [*To the band.*] And now, my friends! warm-hearted, pitying friends! Did your poor felon-ſouls look for a deed like this?—What was your ſacrifice to me? a life ſtain'd deep with infamy, ſpotted with crimes—blaſted with ſin and ſhame. —I ſacrifice to you a ſpotleſs angel!—[*Throws his ſword to them with contempt.*] Now, felons, we are even! This bleeding corpſe cancels my bond for ever.—From yours, I ſet you free!

The Robbers. [*Crowding around him.*] We are your ſlaves till death.

Moor. No, no!—All is accompliſhed! My genius tells me, "Here muſt be thy bourn:—Thus far could nature go! No further!"——Here, take this bloody plume! [*Throws his plume at their feet.*] He that will be your Captain now, may take it up!

The Robbers. O ſpiritleſs! Where are your mighty plans? Air-bubbles all! burſt with a woman's breath!

Moor. [*With dignity*]. What Moor has done, who dares to queſtion?—Hear my laſt command!—Come hither!—Stand around, and hearken to your dying Captain's words? [*Looking at them for a long time.*] You have been devoted to me—faithful beyond example.—Had virtue been the bond of your attachment, you had been heroes:—your memories had been revered, your names pronounced with rapture by mankind.—Go, and devote what yet remains of life, to mankind's ſervice, to your country's cauſe. Go, ſerve a gracious king, who wages war to vindicate the rights of man! This be my benediction! Hence! Farewel.——Stop, Switzer and Kozinſki!

The band goes out, leaving Switzer and Kozinſki with Moor.

Moor. Give me thy hand, Kozinſki! Thine too, Switzer! [*Taking their hands, and placing himſelf betwen them.*] Young man, [*To Kozinſki.*] Thou art yet unſpotted—amongſt the guilty, only guiltleſs! [*To Switzer.*] Theſe hands I have deep imbrued in blood! That be my offence, not thine! Here with this graſp I take what is mine own.—Now, Switzer, thou art pure! [*Raiſes their hands to heaven with fervour.*] Father of heaven! here I give them up! loſt ſheep reſtored! They will be now more fervently thine own than thoſe who never fell! [*Switzer and Kozinſki fall on each other's neck.*] Not now my friends! O ſpare me—in this deciſive hour!——An earldom is mine by heritage, a rich domain, on which

no malediction reſts.—Share it between you.—Become good men! good citizens! And if [illegible]ten whom I have deſtroyed you make but one man bleſt, perhaps my ſoul—may yet be ſaved!—Go! quick! while yet my fortitude remains! [*Switzer and Kozinſki go out, hiding their faces.*]

Good citizen! And am not I too worthy of that name? What law ſo terrible as that which I have obeyed? What vengeance or atonement of offence that's like to mine?——Be my fate fulfilled!—Hard by I have obſerved a wretch who labours by the day, an officer.—He has eleven children.—To him who ſhall deliver up the Robber Moor, a high reward is now proclaimed.—He and his babes ſhall have it!